Historical Society

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII. BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880. NO. 51.

NEWS-NOTES.

Twenty-five new engines have been ordered for the Northern Pacific, to be delivered before the first of July.

—The sweet singer of Michigan has abandoned poetry and is writing a thrilling serial for the Cedar Springs (Mich) *Clipper*.

A method of treating sulphuretted gold ores, by which, at an expense of $3 or $4 per ton, all the gold can be extracted, is in successful operation in Philadelphia.

Mr. Joseph Seligman, head of the great banking house of Seligman Bros., died in New Orleans last week. He received a collegiate education in his native country and was one of the most philanthropic men of his race.

An explosion of five boxes of giant powder, about one hundred pounds, occurred at the blacksmith shop of the High lode mine in Central City, Tuesday, killing three men, Sam'l Kimball, Jas. Gilman and L. Tradell. The men were blown to atoms, pieces of flesh and bone being scattered for a mile around, the head of one of the men being the largest part of the remains, and that unrecognizable.

Army and Navy Journal: A wail comes up from a colored brother of the 25th United States infantry as to the amount of labor the regiment has to perform in the present station in the mountains of Texas, and he asks for a little more of the other manual prescribed by Upton. We trust the new field to which the regiment has been ordered may furnish all he wishes in that respect, and that he may not in the fertile regions of Dakota have to complain of not receiving enough of the desired "setting up."

A son of Red Cloud took unto himself a squaw at the agency the other day and brought her home to Mrs. Red Cloud, Sr. The young Indian not afraid of her mother-in-law assumed control of matters at once much to the discomfiture of the old lady, who so strongly objected that a row occurred in which the mother-in-law came out second best. This so harrowed her royal blood that death only could obliterate the humility she has been subjected to and accordingly attempted to hang herself with a clothesline. She was found and resuscitated before life was extinct and still lives to "shake her gory locks."

N. P. common stock sold as low as 5½ in Wall Street. The congressional speculators of the house committee have played a fine game and by their "bear" legislation, selling "short," of course, and pocketing the proceeds, regardless of their oath of office or honor as men. A depreciation of 5½ per cent. in Wall street amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars margin on a fair days' sales. It is to be hoped the committee and their friends who had the "points" are satisfied, and that the committee will do a little legitimate work the balance of the session, and earn at least a portion of their salary.

Gen. John McDonald, of St. Louis whisky-ring fame, has been interviewed by a reporter of the Chicago *Times*. The general says, or rather infers, that should Grant be nominated, one of the most startling exposures of the ring frauds in St. Louis, compromising the Grant administration, will be made public. The general says, "If the Chicago convention nominates Grant look out for me, I'm up and dressed for a fight and I can sink that crowd under a load that would kill them so dead that a grave-robber wouldn't waste his time upon them."

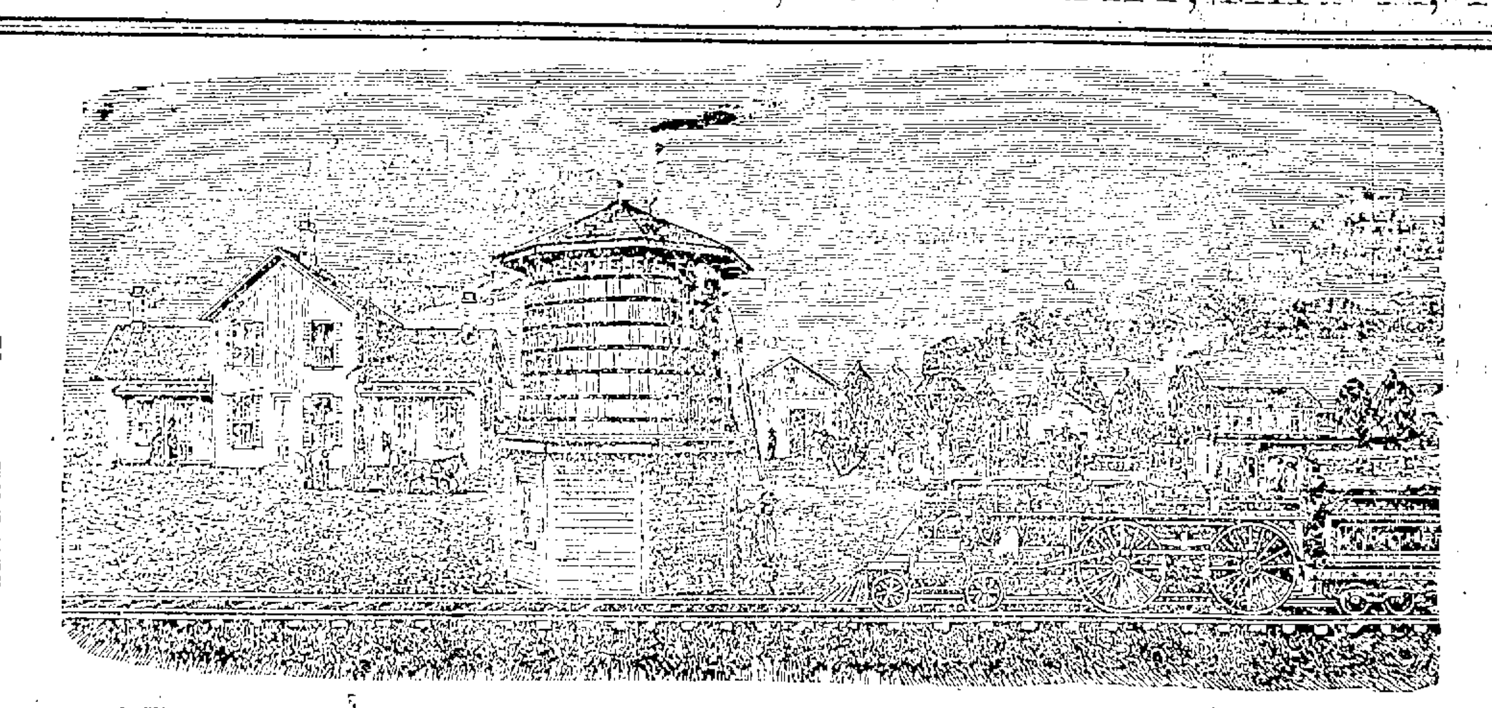
The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* says: "It will be remarked this morning, as a feature of our Washington specials, that the Windom boom is booming. Gen. Boynton, the veteran Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, than whom there is no more reliable authority, telegraphs to his paper that since the Cook county explosion blew up the third term, the air is full of Windom; that his name is more frequently used than any other as a compromise candidate for reasons given. Senator Baldwin, of Michigan, considers Windom the best and most available candidate. The Kansas city *Journal* comes out for him. Ex commissioner Douglas, of Pennsylvania, a Blaine man, agrees with the *Pioneer Press* that Blaine and Grant are out of the fight, and he holds that Windom has a better chance than Sherman. Our advice to the boys is to get in out of the rain. The boom is booming.

Republican County Convention.

The county convention to elect delegates to the territorial convention, to be held at Fargo, May 19th, met at City Hall Monday, May 10th. G. P. Flannery called the convention to order. The call for the convention was read, stating the object of the meeting and on motion of Dr. Bentley G. P. Flannery was elected permanent chairman, and J. F. Wallace, secretary. On motion of E. A. Williams a committee of three were appointed on credentials, consisting of Williams, Bentley and Boley. The committee made their report of delegates entitled to be recognized in the convention which was adopted. On motion of J. F. Wallace the convention proceeded to vote by ballot for three delegates to attend the territorial convention at Fargo, which resulted in the election of G. P. Flannery, L. N. Griffin and Harry Robinson. A county committee was elected for the ensuing year, consisting of G. P. Flannery, Robt. Macnider and E. A. Williams. The delegates from Burleigh county will present the name of Mr. J. W. Raymond, one of Bismarck's leading citizens, for election by the territorial convention as one of the two delegates to the national republican convention at Chicago. Mr. Raymond is an earnest republican, a representative man, and enjoys a personal acquaintance with the business community throughout the territory. John A. Stoyell was charged by the committee on credentials with being a democrat and was refused admission as a delegate.

Extension.

Seventy-three miles of road is laid west of Bismarck, on the Northern Pacific extension, with the work going on at the rate of a mile and a quarter per diem. The transfer boat is working night and day with a double crew in getting the material and supplies across. Extra freight trains arrive daily and the work is being pushed as rapidly as money and good management will do it.



THE STEELE FARM, EAST OF BISMARCK—1,140 ACRES IN WHEAT AND OATS THIS YEAR.

VOICE OF THE WIRES.

IT IS AS WEAK AS THE CURRENT IS LIGHT.

Row in Chicago's Convention--Adjournment of Congress--Blaine and Grant--Courtney shows Up--Miscellaneous.

(Special Dispatches to The Tribune.)

KEY'S SUCCESSOR.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The president has assured the New York delegation that no successor to Gen. Key has been decided upon and James' case will receive due consideration, he having been recommended and strongly indorsed by all of the principal banking houses of Wall street, the prominent wholesale merchants, the leading metropolitan dailies, and leading politicians. That the president has determined to wait until after the Chicago convention before making an appointment, looks probable. The course is characterized as a new departure in the way of official appointments.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The committee of ways and means are considering the question of adjournment. The majority of the committee favor the 31st as the day and are of the opinion that all matters of public import demanding consideration at this session can be disposed of by that time.

WISCONSIN'S CONVENTION.

MADISON, Wis., May 13.—The city is crowded with delegates to the State Democratic convention. After organizing and report of committee on credentials, a resolution was introduced adhering to the unit rule, by Tilden's friends. Quite a fight is looked for, with Tilden's chances best. Most of the country delegates favor Seymour, but the uncertainty of his position as a candidate before the Cincinnati convention adds strength to Tilden's forces, who are well organized. Col. Vilas, of Milwaukee, will head the delegation to Cincinnati.

COOK COUNTY CHEEK.

CHICAGO, May 14.—The action of the third termers in the convention held here the 10th, has caused consternation in the Grant camp. The bolters, by their action, have jeopardized their own interests and weakened the ex-president in what was considered his stronghold. The idea of 48 delegates out of a convention of 191 setting themselves up as an independent convention is criticized by politicians as one of the most ludicrous pieces of effrontery in the history of conventions.

HILL AFTER KELLOGG'S SCALP.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—Senator Ben Hill, in his lengthy dissertation on Kellogg's case, has shown up the cypher dispatches, proving wholesale bribery and corruption in the Packard legislature. He presented indubitable proof that there was not a quorum when Kellogg was elected. Hill's case is much stronger than was anticipated.

M'CRARY AT WORK.

DES MOINES, May 14.—Judge McCrary, ex-secretary of war, opened the United States circuit court in this city Tuesday, being his first appearance on the bench. The judge disposed of cases remarkably fast for his maiden term, one hundred cases having been cleared from the calendar Wednesday, and is rushing the business much to the astonishment and delight of contestants and the legal fraternity.

JIM BLAINE

DETROIT, Mich., May 13.—The Blaine delegates were in the majority by large odds at the State Republican Convention held here yesterday, and had everything their own way. The delegates go uninstructed, but are all firm supporters of the Maine Senator.

COURTNEY ON HAND.

WASHINGTON, May 14th.—Courtney arrived here Wednesday morning accompanied by his trainer, Frenchy Johnson. He brings three boats with him, two of which were fitted with the new rig, with which he expects to give Hanlan a hard pull. So little confidence has been placed in Courtney, owing to his previous crooked operations in champion races, that it was bet he would not even come to Washington. Bets are now four to one on the Canadian's winning the race. Courtney makes his headquarters at the Potomac Boat Club, and is in fine condition and apparently good spirits.

WASHBURNE'S LITTLE RUSE.

CHICAGO, May 14.—The Grant faction in this city attribute the trouble in the Cook county convention to Washburne, and charge him with secretly opposing the "third term" while publicly announcing himself as for Grant "first, last and all the time." More liberal minded politicians however, such as Ex-Gov. Farnsworth and ex-Mayor Farwell, believe Washburne honest and that the bolters deserted the convention when they found it impossible to run it to suit themselves.

Bridge or Tunnel.

Col. Clough, with his corps of engineers, have been making soundings and running lines for the past three weeks for the foundations of the bridge to cross the river should that plan be decided upon. Two or three lines have been run that have good foundation for the piers, one of which corresponds nearly to the crossing used by the transfer boat, and the temporary bridge of last winter. As soon as the third or last line is completed the engineers will commence boring for a test of the river bed as to the feasibility of a tunnel. Most of the machinery for boring is here and more on the road. The engineers move to Mandan this week, this side of the river having been thoroughly tested. When the prospective work by the engineers for both tunnel and bridge is completed the two reports will be submitted to the chief engineer, who will recommend one of the plans to the board of directors. A bridge would necessarily have to be very high, as a draw for the passage of boats is out of the question, owing to the changeable character of the river channel. From soundings already made it is considered a tunnel could be readily worked, the earth being of a nature suitable for so large a perforation under the river and as its cost is half that of a bridge, and it will in no way interfere with navigation, it is more than probable this method of transportation will be decided upon.

Equalization of Taxes.

The total value of taxable property, Real and Personal, in Burleigh Co., for the year 1880, as equalized by the Board of Co. Commissioners, is as follows, viz:

	1880	1879	Increase
Value of Lands East of Missouri river..	$ 414,820	$ 368,846	$ 45,974
Do. west of the river	85,805		85,805
Total val. & incr'se	500,625	368,846	131,779
Value of town lots in Bismarck	186,706	172,055	14,651
Do. in Mandan	30,021		30,121
Grand total real prop'y	717,452	540,901	176,551
Val. Personal Prop'y	262,263	222,250	39,973
Grand Total	979,715	763,151	216,524

Average value of land per acre, $4.30

The items that make up total amount of personal property are as follows:

Value of property invested in merchandise	$ 65,860
Value of property invested in manufactories	4,650
Horses, Number, 517	24,987
Mules, " 335	20,915
Cattle, " 1552	32,597
Swine, " 125	531
Wagons and Carriages, Number, 637	17,332
Money and Credits	4,445
Household Furniture	8,690
Stocks and Shares	25,577
All other property	56,739
Total as above	$262,263

H G COYKENDALL,
Deputy Assessor

New Departure.

Mr. W. P. Hurd, for the past three years steward of the Sheridan House, left Tuesday morning for Fargo to accept the position tendered him by Mr. Hubbard as manager of the Headquarters. Mr. Hurd is one of the very best hotel men in the country, a perfect gentleman, enjoys an extensive acquaintance with the traveling public having been connected with many of the leading hotels of the country for the past twenty years. He carries with him the esteem and best wishes of the people of Bismarck for his future success.

The Court House.

The trenches are dug, the foundation of the new court house commenced and operations are in full blast that will insure an early completion of the much needed building. Mr. Mason, who has the contract for furnishing the brick, has two kilns ready to burn and has ordered another machine to facilitate operations. The superintendent of the building says the location could not be better; that it will show up from its present site better than any other location in the city. Two months more will see it about ready for occupancy. The illustrated TRIBUNE of this week shows the cut of the building as it will appear when finished, which will certainly be not only a great ornament to Bismarck, but to Northern Dakota.

FORT BUFORD NOTES.

Important Army Changes and Interesting Items.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

FORT BUFORD, D. T., May 6.—Lieut Geo. B. Walker, 6th Infantry, with a detachment of soldiers and Indian scouts, is down the Bismarck road looking for deserters........ Lieut. T. W. Groesbeck has been assigned, temporarily, to the command of "D" company, 6th Infantry, the three regular officers of the company being on detached service in eastern departments......... Gen. Whistler, 5th Infantry who arrived on the Far West on the 30th inst., left the next day for Fort Keogh, overland.......... Lieut. Richard E. Thompson, recently appointed adjutant of the 6th Infantry, arrived here with his family by steamer Far West May 3rd and has assumed the duties of regimental and post adjutant....... Gen. Hazen, in relieving Capt. Penny from duty as acting adjutant of the regiment, pays that officer a high compliment, in orders, for the efficient manner in which his many duties have been performed......... Target practice is now a daily feature of Buford life. During the long winter the troops have been kept busy drilling in the Laidley system, and the beneficial results of this drill are readily recognized in the spring target practice......... Maj. Thomas, paymaster, is to be relieved here by Major Bates, of the pay department, and the boys say this means money when it is due in future......... The board of officers for the examination of candidates for commissions in the army, will probably convene here about May 15th. Gen. Hazen is president of the board, and Col. Townsend, 11th Infantry; Maj. Brown, 18th Infantry, and Dr. Crampton, medical department, are members, with Adjutant Thompson, 6th Infantry, as recorder. Several non-commissioned officers will be ordered before this board for examination. They all know that "the Tombigbee river runs down."......... Since pay day a few soldiers have deserted. The facilities in this vicinity for successful desertion seem to be, at the present day, equal to eastern stations. This is owing, doubtless, to the settlement of the adjacent country and the consequent diminution of the chances to "go hungry" as well as losing scalps in trying to escape from the country......... I have on more than one occasion mentioned Jack Culbertson in my letters to THE TRIBUNE. He was here recently, returning from Wood Mountain. After a successful business trip, Jack resolved upon a new venture. Selecting a stock of goods he left Poplar river with his family en route via Missouri river to a point some twenty-eight miles above this post, where he intended to locate a farm and trading ranche. By one of these mysterious agencies—not Indian—about snags, which do abound in the Missouri, his boat was capsized, and Jack was fortunate in saving himself and family from a watery grave. His goods and a horse went to the bottom. Still, the other evening, when here, he rendered upon his favorite instrument, the violin, "The Lass of Gowrie," with that old familiar power, and left us with the impression of hidden capabilities, which, perhaps, time and opportunity may yet bring forth to the astonishment of the natives......... The proverbial tendency to matrimonial alliances, induced by the peculiar atmosphere here around this sweet little spot of earth, has again been demonstrated. Drum-major Baker, formerly a non-commissioned officer of company "A," 6th Infantry, at Fort A. Lincoln, D. T., was attached by peculiar bands to Miss Ida Olson, of this city, this evening, the Rev. Dr. Robinson officiating. The superb band of the 6th Infantry gave their drum major a fine serenade and the young couple entered upon their honeymoon with the good wishes of a numerous circle of friends for future prosperity and happiness. REX.

Base-Ball.

The "Actives," of Fort Lincoln, played another match game at that place Sunday with the "Ill Boys," the score standing 19 to 14 in favor of the Actives. This club sends another special to THE TRIBUNE, desiring to meet the Bismarck club in a friendly contest at the bat. The reporter of THE TRIBUNE thus far has been unable to find any sign of a club existing in Bismarck except the Indian club used on state occasions by the Grand Inca lone, of the Order of Red Men, to demonstrate to the dyspeptic editors of Fargo dailies who strike Bismarck in their peripatetic wanderings, seeking other "barks" to tap. The knave of clubs is too much engaged speculating in ivory chips at crowded night seances, to be interviewed successfully this early in the season.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE

A GLANCE AT ITS MAGNITUDE AND USEFULNESS.

The Standing Rock and Fort Yates Cable Successfully Laid Under the Supervision of Lieut. Geo. S. Grimes.

A BENEFICIAL INSTITUTION.

Lieut. Geo. S. Grimes, acting signal officer, returned from Standing Rock Tuesday morning. The cable between that point and Fort Yates was successfully laid. Cables will be laid in place of the spans of wire over the river at many points during the summer, being much more durable, easy to repair and less liable to accident. The United States military telegraph line is one of the most important and beneficial lines in the country and before the end of the summer a complete circuit of two thousand miles in extent will be finished. It is important in that it gives direct communication from all the frontier posts of the northwest with department headquarters and Washington, thereby facilitating the movements of troops, accelerating the government business and in campaigns against the Indians, keeping post commanders in constant communication with forces in the field. The line is beneficial in another respect as it serves the ranchmen,

HUNTERS AND FRONTIER SETTLERS

as a means of communication with the outside world at rates that come within their reach. The line runs from this city to Lincoln, Yates, Bennett, Sully, Rapid City, Meade, Ellis, Bozeman, Helena, Benton, Fort Shaw, Missoula, Assinaboine, and Deer Lodge; and again from Bismarck to Stevenson, Buford, Keogh and Custer, and a line from Keogh to Deadwood with intermediate stations along the route and repair stations at reasonable distances apart. Thus it will be seen every point at which there is a post or settlement of any size in western Dakota or the entire expanse of Montana through the medium of this line is brought into instant intercourse with all points of the country, contrasting greatly with the old time method of mail delivery when a frontiersman or officer at some of the northwestern posts were fortunate if they heard from "the states" once in six months. Being built, owned and officered by the government no profits are expected to be made from the business done. Rates are charged sufficient to keep the line in repair and good working order only, the expense of original construction, employees, etc., being paid by a distinct appropriation made for the purpose. This branch of the service belongs to the signal corps of the army under the command of Brig general Albert Meyer, known the world over as "Old Probs."

THE TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE

is a division of the "weather bureau" and serves that department in transmitting the daily weather reports from all points where signal stations are established to Washington, in addition to its service as a means of army communication and its commercial business. Every operator on the government lines is prepared for the corps at Fort Whipple, Va., the school of instruction, by a most thorough course in meteorology, electricity, magnetism, physical geography and signalling in all its varied branches from the flag system, used to such great advantage in the late war, the international code used by all countries, to the more scientific methods accomplished by the use of such instruments as the heliograph, that throws sunflashes long and short, corresponding to the dot and dash of the telegraphic code. This code was successfully read by the English in the late campaign among the Zulus in South Africa when an English general was surrounded in a Zulu town fifty miles from the main army, and by means of which he made his escape with his entire command.

EXTENT OF THE SERVICE.

Of the 500 members of the corps a portion of them are detailed for the government telegraph lines, every member being proficient in that branch before leaving Fort Whipple. The remainder are employed as meteorological observers throughout the country, and in clerical duty at the chief office at Washington. Government lines are now working all over the entire frontier, Texas and New Mexico, Washington Territory and Oregon, and along the Atlantic coast from Punta Rassa, Florida, to the coast of Maine, and a good portion of the Pacific coast. New lines are in course of construction in all parts of the country where there are military posts and no telegraphic connection. The signal service is one of the most important branches of the government and as yet but little is known of its workings by the people generally.

Old Tempus.

Joshua is said to have called "keno" on the sun in ancient days, from whence originated the term familiar to western ears, "stopper," and is the first mention of the game on record. By mutual agreement between the business houses and other interests in Bismarck a similar move has been inaugurated in the city. The sun has not been commanded to stand still, but by common consent given twenty-eight minutes start in the day's race. The complex system of time used has been done away with. The steam whistle below and church bells ring out St. Paul time. This change was needed to meet the necessities of the general boom in affairs, twenty-eight minutes gained on "Old Sol," being indescribably valuable in a business point of view. *Tempus* will *fugit* the same as before, but Bismarck is on a par with St. Paul except in population, and that is only a matter of *time*.

PURELY PERSONAL.

District-attorney Stoyell went east this morning.

H. N. Manning, Fort McLeod, came down on the Rosebud.

Wm. Adair, Fort Peck agency, was a passenger by the Rosebud.

T. W. Dennison, of St. Paul, an extensive fur buyer, is in the city.

Sam English is in St. Paul and will go up to the Yellowstone country soon.

Frank Moore came in from the Bad Lands Wednesday night and left Thursday.

Geo. H. Douglas, brother of the post trader at Standing Rock, is at the Sheridan.

Porter Warner, of the Black Hills daily *Times*, came in by this morning's stage on route east.

Robt Macnider is in Wisconsin purchasing a car-load of oxen for freighting purposes.

Hon. L. W. Barnum, of Sanborn, arrived by last night's train and stops at the Sheridan.

Mrs. Robt. Carr, Miss Fannie Carr and Mr. M. N. Gilbert, of Helena, came down on the Rosebud.

Mr. Chas. Collins, formerly in the drug business at St. Paul, is now night clerk at the Sheridan.

M. H. Crittenden, the contractor who is putting on the new roof of the Sheridan, arrived Monday.

Ben Ash and family leave this week for the James river valley, near Brule, where Mr. Ash has a claim.

S. De La Vergne, formerly proprietor of the Galloway House, at Eau Claire, Wis., was in town this week.

Capt. G. D. Moore has gone to St. Louis. It is his intention to bring back a light draught boat for ferry purposes.

O. H. P. Rudese, who has charge of the construction of the new court-house, is quartered at the Merchants.

Sheriff McKenzie and Deputy Galloway returned last Saturday. Jerry Duane stopped off at Fargo for a few days.

M. Sheehan, of Fargo, the agent of the McCormick agricultural machines, spent a portion of the week in the city.

E. G. McLay, cashier of the First National Bank of Benton, came in Tuesday night and will leave by boat this week.

Hon. L. W. Barnum, who has been spending several days in the city, will open a large farm five miles east of the city.

Frank Geist leaves for St. Paul this week to engage in business with his brother, who is a prosperous jeweler of that city.

Mrs. Gen. Whistler and daughter arrived at the Sheridan Saturday and remained until Wednesday, leaving for Keogh by boat.

Judge A. V. Offenbacher, probate judge of Deadwood, arrived from Washington Saturday and left by Sunday's stage for the Hills.

Miss Cora Sweet has gone to Chippewa Falls, Wis., where she will teach the "young idea how to shoot" during the ensuing year.

J. W. Holbrook, division engineer of the Northern Pacific railroad, arrived in the city Monday on business connected with the road.

Manager Sargent and Superintendent Towne came up Wednesday morning and made a trip out on the extension, returning the same night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marshall left for Vermont last Friday. Mrs. Marshall will remain for the summer, visiting a sister residing in that state.

W. D. Conrad, one of the wealthy and influential citizens of Montana, a partner of the firm of I. G. Baker & Co., was in town this week en route for Benton.

Harry Robinson, editor of the Mandan *Criterion*, made THE TRIBUNE a call Monday. Mr. Robinson is the delegate from Mandan to the territorial convention at Fargo.

Mr. Hubbell, of Broadwater, Hubbell & Co., Miles City, arrived from a trip east Saturday night and in company with C. W. Savage started overland for their home Monday morning.

Mr. Bogy, post-trader at Fort Washakie, Northwest Territory, and a friend of old "Sitting Bull" was a guest at the Sheridan this week. He is on his way to his post from an eastern trip.

Chas. C. H. Smith, post trader at Fort Yates, and wife and Mr. Pascal Smith and wife, parents of the post trader, went east Monday. Mr. Smith has been making his son a visit at his post and is a well-known business man of St. Paul.

Bismarck Opera House.

Sam. Whitney, Bismarck's genial and popular pioneer manager, is at present excelling all his previous ardent efforts in presenting a splendid entertainment by the largest, most versatile and talented company ever seen on any one stage in the city. Since the return from the Hills of Mr. Chas. Vincent, he clever comedian and stage manager, business has been booming at the old Drury of the northwest, the house being crowded every evening. His various farces and his impersonation of "Uncle Joshua," are the general subject of conversation and praise from all who have witnessed them. Last evening Messrs. Clifford and Skelly made their bow, and made a great hit as acrobatic, song and dance artists. Saturday and Sunday evenings the two great companies will combine and form one mammoth troupe in a glorious programme, ending with the great hit, "Joshua Whitcomb," with new stories and songs. Clifford and Skelly, Chas. Vincent, Jefferson, Archer, Donaldson, Misses Selma Johnson, La Rue, Blanche, Daisey Donaldson, Verne Vernon—sure a larger company than can be seen in a city ten times the size of Bismarck.

IMPERFECT PAGE

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LEAP YEAR.

Since out of Adam's rib was made
A creature rare to be his mate,
T'was always been the man who plead
With Eve's fair daughter for his fate;
Unless perchance some wiser he,
A secret treasuring in the heart,
And calmly wait the other three,
The fourth to boldly claim their part.

In good old times, long, long ago,
Ere sin and fashion were the rage,
There dwelt a mighty King-Sage,
Whose daughter dearly loved his page;
At first she sought her passion to subdue,
And think on love no more.
But love suppressed is like the Wandering Jew,
An idle evermore.

Then, trembling came she to the King,
With cheeks aglow with modest shame:
A quest, Oh, Father King, I claim!
To bear your humble page's name;
Though spurned by King, by parent cursed,
I still would claim this lowly lot,
To wed the one I love most and first,
Though dwell we in an humble cot.

"Long days in secret have I loved
But shame it to my maiden grace),
He has not even asked or dared
To win me from my rightful place."

The father did not fume and rage,
And quickly shut his daughter up,
Nor heap abuse upon his page
For being such an onry pup;
But bade his daughter bide her time,
And if within a certain year
It still remained within her mind,
He'd give consent and never fear.

Patient bode the maid her time
Within her father's kingly hall,
But when the joyful hour came
Her lover had not spoke at all.

Long waiting made her heart cry out,
Full waiting came to be a grief,
Then she love's longed-for object sought,
And made her modest wooing brief.

The King a father's blessing gave
When ere long came the nuptial feast,
And made a law that ladies have
A time in life to court at least.

Now one in four the leap year comes,
Dear ladies 'tis your happy chance
To justly prove your vaunted rights
And have a faithful alliance.

Then maiden shy with peachy blush,
Whose idol makes you not his bride,
True courage take, for 'tis your right
To coyly draw him to your side,
And whisper sweetly in his ear
Love's story long a secret made,
And ere the close of this leap year
A husband to the altar lead.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Wonderful Mesmerizer.

Strange stories come from India of the feats performed by a native mesmerizer named Buni, whose magnetic power would appear to be found quite irresistible by the lower animals, upon which he exclusively exerts it. He gives seances, to which the public are invited to bring all manner of ferocious and untamable wild beasts, and holds them with his glittering eye. In a few seconds they subside into a condition of cataleptic stiffness, from which they can only be revived by certain passes which he solemnly executes with his right hand. A snake in a violent state of irritation was brought to Buni by a menagerie proprietor, inclosed in a wooden cage. When deposited on the platform it was writhing and hissing fiercely. Buni bent over the cage and fixed his eye upon its occupant, gently waving his hand over the serpent's restless head. In less than a minute the snake stretched itself out, stiffened, and lay apparently dead. Buni took it up and thrust several needles into its body, but it gave no sign of life. A few passes then restored it to its former angry activity. Subsequently a savage dog, held in a leash by its owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's command, let loose upon him. As it was rushing toward him, bristling with fury, he raised his hand, and in a second the fierce brute dropped upon its belly, as though stricken by lightning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed by some unknown agency, and was unable to move a muscle until released from the magnetizer's spell by a majestic wave of his hand.

"Something Gives Way."

A Christian woman in a town in New York desired to obtain a school-house, for the purpose of starting a Sabbath-school, but was refused by a skeptical Trustee. Still she persevered, and asked him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly, it is of no use. Once for all, I say you cannot have the school-house for any such purpose."

"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.

"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key."

"I think the Lord is going to unlock it."

"May be he will," said the infidel, "but I can tell you this, He will not get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that, when I keep on praying, *something always gives way.*"

And the next time she came the hard heart of the infidel gave way and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school, he sustained her, and great good was done for perishing souls.

"Something gives way." Sometimes it is a man's will, and sometimes it is the man himself. Sometimes there is a revolution, and sometimes there is a funeral. When God's Spirit inspires a prayer in a believing Christian's heart, omnipotence stands ready to answer it. "Something gives way."

American Waste of Food.

Here is a little essay on the unnecessary loss of food, cut from the New York *Graphic*: "The waste of food in our first-class American hotels is enormous. The average quantity of cooked food called for per order for breakfast or dinner would suffice many a small family for a whole day, and is generally three times as much as the guest can eat. The field, the sea, earth and air are ransacked for delicacies. Nearly 100 varieties of meats, vegetables, fruits and components parts of pastries are concentrated in the hotel larder. The waste commences here, especially during warm weather, when even ice fails to preserve many eatables, such as fish, etc., in their original freshness. The result is that much is brought to the table really unfit to be eaten. Much of the cookery is also 'machine cooking.' The soups served daily differ only in name. The bill of fare is often a high-sounding imposition. It contains more names than flavors. The chief skill of some cooks seems to lie in inventing French titles of aristocratic origin for their dishes. The guest sometimes hangs great expectations on a sound not at all realized to the taste. A little more truth and less fiction on the bill of fare would do the hotel more lasting benefit. But, when dried, soaked peas or canned peas are labeled 'green peas,' when 'cream oyster soup' turns out to be a strange intermingling of beef and oyster broth, when ice-cream reveals itself as frozen corn starch, the experienced housekeeper, on her travels, immediately detects the fraud, and no longer recommends that hotel to her friends."

Famous Sparklers.

The finest diamonds are clear and transparent as a drop of pure water. But, besides these "brilliants of the first water," as they are called, both technically and in ordinary conversation, there are colored diamonds of every sort and line. A yellow shade is considered objectionable in a diamond; so, also, is a cinnamon color. Next to rose-colored diamonds green take rank in the market; next to green blue, and next to blue black. The value of a diamond may, according to some writers on the subject, be ascertained by a regular formula, according to which the square of the weight in carats must be multiplied by a sum varying according to the condition and quality of the stone. If the diamond is of good water and of fine shape, this sum may be put down at $[illegible]. If, however, the diamond be perfect in quality, and also perfectly cut, the sum to be taken as the basis of the calculation will be $[illegible] or $[illegible]. Big diamonds have a larger theoretical value than small ones; but, as a matter of fact, diamonds of large size have often had to be cut up before they could be disposed of in the market.

When, in 1837, the Deccan booty, obtained by the army of Lord Hastings, was sold, a magnificent diamond, weighing 375¼ grains, and of the purest water, brought at auction only $15,000. In the present day, the finest diamonds are held by Portuguese, Spanish, French and English families in the order named, and the best market for them is in the United States. Among historical diamonds an important place must be assigned to the celebrated Pitt diamond, of which the weight was 430 carats. But after being cut—a process which occupied two years—it was found to have been reduced to the weight of 136 carats, and it was then sold to the Regent of Orleans for $675,000. Its present value is said to be $1,000,000, though it might be difficult to find a purchaser for it at that price. The Pitt diamond—or Regent diamond, as it was called after having passed into the hands of the Duke of Orleans—became one of the crown-diamonds of France. It was destined to meet with strange adventures; for, after being placed by Napoleon on the hilt of the sword of state, it was captured by the Prussians at Waterloo.

A diamond of literally inestimable value, belonging to the King of Portugal, and of Brazilian origin, is said to be worth upward of $2,500,000; but its value is clearly not its value in exchange. For the historical interest attached to it no diamond can be compared to her Majesty's Koh-i-noor. Originally dug from the mines of Golconda, it passed to successive sovereigns of Central India, and in the early part of the fourteenth century was added to the treasures of Delhi. It remained in the possession of the reigning family until the invasion, in the eighteenth century, of Nadir Shah, who, seeing it in the turban of the vanquished Mhammed, proposed to him an exchange of headdresses, and, the polite offer being perforce accepted, bore away with him the priceless jewel. After the assassination of Nadir Shah, the "Mountain of Light" passed through the hands of Ahmed Shah, of Cabul, to Shah Soojah, who gave it as the price of his liberty to Runjeet Singh, ruler of the Punjaub. On the annexation of the Punjaub in 1849, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England, who received it from the East India Company in 1850. At the great exhibition of 1851 this famous diamond was found inferior to its glass model, and it was necessary to surround it with gas-lights in order to bring out its colors.

"Fasting People."

At intervals one reads of some wonderful man or woman who professes to exist without food; and so clever is their management it is hardly possible to discover the fraud. There was the famous case of a "fasting" Englishwoman at the beginning of the present century. Her fame spread abroad and brought her crowds of visitors and a good income, £250 having been derived from their bounty in two years. She eluded one "test" with success and ventured upon another, but this time the watchers were keener, and, on the ninth day, being so weak that her death seemed imminent, she signed a confession that her story of fasting for six years was a falsehood. The first watchers had been deceived for three weeks by her daughters giving her food when kissing her or when washing her face with towels dipped in milk or gruel, by squeezing the liquid into her mouth. In 1845 a fasting man, named Cavanagh, appeared at Reading; he was detected in his fraud, however, and, Nov. 20, was sent to prison and stuffed for three months. In September, 1852, a certain Elizabeth Squirrel bamboozled a number of professional men of good standing into believing that she had lived for three months without food and in the enjoyment of communion with angelic visitors, but a rigid watch disclosed fraud. In 1837 began the famous case of Sarah Jacob, the Welsh fasting girl. She was 10 years old, and, after strong convulsions of an epileptiform character, gradually lost her appetite till, in October, she ate nothing but a bit of apple the size of a pill daily. After that, her parents stated, she ate nothing at all. Her fame was noised abroad, and considerable profit was derived from visitors. Finally, during a rigorous watch undertaken by four nurses, she died—simply starved to death. The heartless parents were indicted for manslaughter.

Father of Forty-Five Children.

In the British churchyard of Heydon, is a stone with the inscription: "Here lieth the body of William Strutton, of Paddington, buried May 16, 173[illegible], who had, by his first wife, twenty-eight children, and, by a second wife, seventeen, own father to forty-five, grandfather to eighty-six, great-grandfather to ninety-seven, and great-great-grandfather to twenty-three; in all, 251."

Paying in Chickens.

There is an article going the rounds of the papers relating how a man went to Moore, editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, and said that he was too poor to take a paper. The following is the gist of the story:

Mr. Moore said, "You raise chickens, I believe?"

"Yes, a few; but they don't bring anything hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardly. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her, and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, Brother Moore," and the fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper.

We allude to this to warn newspaper men not to adopt the plan, when some farmer grumbles about paying for his paper. Don't never enter into such a bargain with a farmer. We know, when paper is high, editors are liable to take their pay in truck, and the above article looks so plausible that some poor country editor may think there's millions in it, and he will go to speculating on chickens that way. But we warn them that they are liable to get left. We tried it once there at La Crosse. Uncle Elisha Barlow came in one day and said our paper didn't amount to a string of suckers, and he would be tetotally gumsquizzled if he would take it any longer unless he could pay in trade. He sold milk and kept chickens. We could get milk, but Elisha was always playing common cow's milk on us for his "Darsey cow's" milk, so we concluded to suggest this chicken dodge that Moore tried with such good effect. We wanted to teach him a lesson, so we told him to go home and pick out a chicken and call it ours, and give us the proceeds, for two years from date, whether it was eggs or chickens. He bit like a bass. He said he would do it, by the great jewhillikins. So he went his way and we went ours. Many a time during the two years did we estimate the amount of poultry that would be ours. We built a hen-coop and got ready to go into the hen business. The day the two years were up we drove out to Elisha's place to take an account of stock. Elisha was milking a "Darsey" cow, there near the pump, and he said when he got through "stripping" he would show us our property. Well, after a while he got up off his milking stool, kicked a little rheumatic out of his hind leg, and said:

"Come around the barn, you red-headed financier. You middle man, you monopoly, come here."

He took us into a yard, and there were at least [illegible] hens. We looked at them with astonishment. Pointing to a sickly-looking yellow fowl, with one leg froze off, and which looked as though it hadn't life enough to pick up an angle worm after a hen had scratched it up for him, Barlow said:

"There, that are cussed yellow rooster is the one I picked out for you. He never has laid an egg, and has never had sand enough to associate with the rest of the chickens, and he never has increased any. How much have you made on this trade?"

We hope to be hornswoggled if it wasn't true, and the rooster wasn't worth 4 cents. And, to make the matter worse, Elisha presented a bill to us of $[illegible] for corn our rooster had eaten in the two years. It is needless to say we have always demanded cash of our subscribers since. No, young men—you who are fresh in the newspaper business—don't never try to get ahead of one of these Grangers on a chicken-trade. Moore may have had a hen assigned to him, but it would not occur once in a thousand times, at least it wouldn't out West here.—*Peck's Sun.*

Keep the Body Warm.

There is but one way to keep the body healthfully warm, and that is to wear sufficient clothing, dressing differently as the weather changes. On cold, rainy days one requires thicker clothing than when the sun pours down hot and sultry. It is a popular idea in this country that, if we wear specially warm clothing in the house, our ulsters and great-coats will afford us no extra protection when we go out. But this is disproved by every one's experience, if people will only think of the facts which have come within their own observation. Most persons must have noticed that, after sitting in a theater which is insufficiently heated, and getting chilled to a greater or less degree, the putting on of coats and cloaks when going out seems to have no effect, and the chill which remains is apt to result in a severe cold. On the other hand, if an overcoat is kept on in a cold theater, so that the wearer feels comfortable, his warmth continues after he goes out, and the change of temperature does not bring the expected effect, notwithstanding that no addition is made to his clothing. Such an experience as this should convince us that the wearing of clothing made especially for warmth should not be confined to the open air, but that the in-door draughts and occasional chilliness, to which every one is more or less subject, should be provided against by always wearing warm clothing, in the form either of an extra suit of flannels, or of an overcoat or dressing gown.

Want of Decision.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves numbers of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they only had been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that, in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncles, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is 65 years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which men choose to venture, if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—*Sydney Smith.*

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

Ten years were occupied in boring the big hole known as the St. Gothard tunnel, in Switzerland. The work was begun in 1872 and completed on the last day of March, 1882. In the first-named year Italy, Germany and Switzerland signed a convention guaranteeing $[illegible] to the company that would construct the St. Gothard railroad and tunnel, Italy giving $9,000,000, Germany $[illegible], and Switzerland $[illegible]. The original estimate of $37,[illegible] proved under the mark, and it was found that $57,800,000 would be required instead. Germany added $2,000,000 to her subsidy, Italy $2,[illegible] and Switzerland $1,[illegible]. The work was begun in the autumn of 1872. The tunnel begins at Goeschenen, in a defile where the river Reuss dashes beneath the famous Devil's bridge, and ends at Airolo, where it overlooks the pleasant pastoral valley of the Ticino. Its length is nine and a third miles—48,936 feet, to be exact; it is nineteen and a half feet high and twenty-six feet in maximum width. Twenty-six hundred men have been employed—Italians with few exceptions. The rock, which has varied from hard granite gneiss on the Swiss side, to gravel, sand and pebbles on the Italian, has been operated upon in a similar way to that followed in the Cenis tunnel, dynamite being used in blasting operations. Owing to the greater homogeneity and the absence of water, more rapid progress has been made in tunneling through the rocks than in dealing with the softer material, where the excessive infiltration of water necessitated special drainage arrangements, besides retarding more or less all branches of the work. Thus, in piercing a bed of schist, water was discharged in torrents, and often the work had to be carried on under liquid jets descending with the force of those from a fire-engine pump.

The St. Gothard tunnel is only one section of a railroad running from Lake Lucerne in Switzerland to Lake Maggiore in Italy. Beside the big tunnel, there are twelve others, the shortest of which, Warren, is 1,106 yards long, while the longest, the Oberg, reaches 2,027 yards. The total length of these twelve tunnels is very nearly ten miles—15,578 metres. Then there are five tunnels between 220 and 550 yards, and twenty-five between 110 and 220 yards, making in all thirty-two subsidiary tunnels of an aggregate length of sixteen miles. Between Immensee and Goeschenen there are thirty-three tunnels; between Airolo and Giubiasco seventeen. The line is carried over sixty-four bridges and viaducts, the longest of which, that of Cadenazzo, in Tessin, consists of five arches, each having a span of fifty-five yards. The total length of the Gothard line will be 151 miles, 17 per cent. of it being tunnels and 1 per cent. bridges and viaducts.

What Is Not Insured.

According to the Philadelphia *Insurance Reporter*, fire-insurance policies do not include the following things:

Fences and other yard-fixtures; also, store furniture and fixtures and plate glass doors and windows, when the plates are of the dimensions of three feet or more.

It is important that this fact be mentioned in the wording of the policy, if such things are to be included under the policy.

The following-named are not included in the security of a fire-insurance policy, unless mentioned, viz.:

Jewelry, plate, watches, musical instruments, ornaments, medals, curiosities, patterns, printed music, printed books, engravings, paintings, picture frames, sculpture, casts and models, money or bullion, bills, notes, accounts, deeds, evidences of debt, or securities.

These should always be specified.

If a building fails no insurance will attach or cover its loss, unless caused by fire.

Stolen property is not to be paid for by the insurance company.

Losses from explosions are not to be paid unless fire ensues, and then only the actual loss is to be settled for.

Property standing on leased ground must be so represented to the company and expressed in the policy. Goods on storage must be represented as such.

The assured, in case of a fire, must invariably do his best to save it, and carelessness in this respect will vitiate his claim. In no instance shall he abandon his premises to firemen or thieves.

Who Pays It?

Once upon a time there lived a man whose appetite was enormous; he was always eating, and yet could never get fat. He was the thinnest and most miserable of creatures to look at. He always declared that he had something alive in his stomach, and a kind friend, learned in doctoring, confirmed his opinion, and prescribed a most ingenious plan to dislodge the enemy—a water-new, which had taken up his quarters in the man's stomach. He was ordered to eat nothing but salt food, and to drink no water; and, when he had continued this treatment as long as he could bear it, he was to go and lie down near a weir of the river, where the water was running over, "with his mouth wide open." The man did as he was told, and, open-mouthed and expectant, placed himself by the side of the weir. The lizard inside, tormented by the salt food, and parched for want of water, heard the sound of the running stream, and came scampering up the man's throat, and, jumping out of his mouth, ran down to the water to drink. The sudden appearance of the reptile so terrified the weakened patient that he fainted away, still with his mouth open. In the meantime the lizard had drunk his fill, and was coming back to return down the man's throat into his stomach. He had nearly succeeded in doing so, when the patient awoke, and, seizing his enemy by the tail, killed him on the spot.

"Predestermation."

An old-time Baptist preacher of Little Rock, Ark., who has retired from active gospel work, but who still keeps a firm eye on the faith, has just had a little experience with a colored man that causes him to think very seriously.

Meeting the colored man, the preacher said:

"Dave, if you don't bring that saddle home I'll have you put in jail."

"What saddle is yer ferren ter?"

"The one you stole from me."

"Parson, fore de Lord, I neber stole yer saddle."

"Yes, you did. I saw you when you took it off the yard fence. I believe I'll have you arrested, any way."

"Look heah, parson, you'se a old Baptis', isn't yer?"

"Yes, and I'll have you sent to the penitentiary."

"Well, so is I, an' now ketch de pints ez I gin em ter yer. Dar is jes' so many saddles in dis worl' what is ter be stole, an' dar's jes' so many man what is ter steal dese saddles. Dis is de predesperation. Now, ef yer saddle happens to be one of de predisposed an' I happens ter be one ob de predisposed men, ken I help it? Dar was Judas, fur instance. He couldn't help prayin de Savior, kase de Savior said: 'Judas, sop in dis dish an' go an' pray me.' His wasn't Judas's fault, kase he was one of de predisposed; so 'tended from de foundation ob de world."

"I don't want a religious discussion, Dave. It isn't the saddle now that I care so much about; it is that you told me a lie in saying that you didn't steal it."

"Well, den, parson, 'spose I takes back de lie an' keeps de saddle?"

"A lie once told always stands. You have lied to me, you scoundrel, and I believe it is my duty to have you arrested."

"Parson, dere's jes a cerain amount ob lies ter be tole in dis worl' 'an' ef I is one ob de men what is predisposed to tell one ob dese lies, hit's not my fault, an' I can't help hit."

"You go on now and get that saddle, or I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"I'll do the best I ken, parson, but dere's jes a certain amount ob stole saddles ter be returned in dis worl'. If I'se one ob de predisposed men, an' I believes I is, you'll fine yer saddle hangin' on de yard fence 'bout sundown dis evenin'."

Wonderful Spiders.

A short distance from Buena Vista is a cave inhabited by spiders which are different from other spiders by their enormous size, and quite useful to the needy people of that vicinity. The cave was discovered by a party of sight-seeters, and the spiders and their work witnessed. On entering the cave, one is first struck by the funny-looking webs that meet their eyes. They are worked for all the world like webs of other spiders, but every fiber is ten times as large as the one woven by ordinary spiders.

On passing on further into the cave, spiders are encountered. They are about the size of small birds and make a strange sound while weaving their web. Their webs are so tough and the fibers so large that it is almost an impossibility to break down a web.

Some four weeks later, while looking at the cave, a miner got to examining the webs. Their strand was about the size of a No. 12 thread, and he thought that they could be used for thread. Having a needle in his possession, he broke off one of the strands and found that it just fitted. Sewing on a loose button to test the efficacy, he found it as strong as silk thread, and that it answered his every purpose. Since then the people have flocked in and carried away hosts of the webs, but the spiders do not appear to object in the least. There is some talk among capitalists of starting a thread factory there and using the webs for thread.—*Leadville Chronicle.*

Getting to the Rear.

The following, related by an officer of the Stonewall brigade, may interest some of our soldier friends:

While Jackson's corps was cautiously moving to the flank and rear of the Union army at Chancellorsville, the Confederate cavalry in advance became engaged with the enemy. Soon a wounded and bleeding trooper was seen emerging from the woods in front. After looking around, he moved in the direction from which the infantry were marching, as if seeking the rear, or, as the average gray-jacket would say, the r'ar. Soon afterward rapid firing explained that the blue-jackets had closed in behind Jackson, and it was not long before the poor cavalryman was seen coming back again. When opposite the "Stonewall," another cavalryman from the front also arrived. No. 1 at once recognized him, and said, "Hallo, Bill—wounded?"

"Yes," said No. 2, "but not bad. Let's git to the r'ar."

At which No. 1 exclaimed: "This is the darnedest fight I've bin in yit. It hain't got no r'ar."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Coming of Age.

It is common to say that a young man "comes of age" at 21. This means that he is then old enough to manage his own property, to do business for himself, and to be made to do as he has agreed; also to vote. Before he is 21, if he has any property, his father or guardian manages it for him; he is not expected to do business on his own account; and if he makes foolish bargains, he can say "I have changed my mind." There are several other ages which are important; indeed, a person may be said to be "coming of age" for different purposes at different times all through his life. From his very birth he is of age to be owner of property, and to be protected from violence and cheating. At 7 years he becomes of age to be punished for a crime, if it can be shown that he was a bright, intelligent lad, had been taught somewhat, and knew that the thing he did was against the law and would be punished. These things are not taken for granted until he becomes 14. From and after 14 it is supposed that a youth knows enough to refrain from attacking people, or stealing, or setting houses or fire, or things of that kind. At 14, also, he is of age to be asked, if his father should die, whom he will choose as guardian; and of age to marry; but, that if he does so, he cannot retract afterwards, and say he was too young. At 18 years he is of age to be a soldier. At 21 years he becomes independent of his father, and may vote; these things are so much more important than any of the others that reaching 21 years is commonly called "coming of age," as if it were a magic date for everything. At 25 years he is of age to be Representative in Congress; that is, after that the people can elect him, if they choose; before that they cannot. After 30 years he can be elected Senator, and after 40 President. At 45 years he is of age to be excused from going as a soldier.—*Christian Union.*

A Cincinnati Horse Auction.

"Here, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "is a horse—"

Bystander—Glad you told us it was a horse, or we might have taken it for a sheep.

Auctioneer—That wouldn't be so very strange, if it had your head on. You see before you, gentlemen, a family horse.

Bystander—He got those bunches on his knees from kneeling down at family prayers, didn't he?

Auctioneer—You'll never have any bunches on your knees on that account. A horse, gentlemen, that any family might well be proud of. Look what an eye he has.

Bystander—What has become of the other eye?

Auctioneer—Gone to look after another such fool as you are. Like old Gog Gray, so touchingly described by the sweet singer of Michigan (singing):

He's gentle and he's kind—

Bystander—— —— the mind.

Auctioneer—

You'll never, never find—

Bystander—He would be fined by any court in Christendom for spring-maternations and interfering generally.

Auctioneer—

A better horse than this old gray,
Old gray horse is ever faithful,

etc. But we cannot waste our time on poetry, although the noble steed before you is the very poetry of motion. How much for him? What do I hear?

Bystander—Nothing, if you can't hear more than he does.

Auctioneer—Among horses, gentlemen, this is the very *ne-plus-ultra*.

Bystander—Knock-nee-plus-ultra, you mean.

Auctioneer—And the *sine-qua-non*.—

Bystander—*Compos mentis*.

Auctioneer—The ridges you see running down his sides, gentlemen, are not an indication of a want of flesh; they are simply a wise provision of Providence for carrying off the rain-water.

Bystander—What's the matter with his tail?

Auctioneer—He was formerly owned by a violin manufacturer, and he pulled out all the hairs for fiddle-bows. What do I hear?

But we had heard enough to satisfy us that our friend was right, and that it was absurd to squander money on shows so long as these horse auctions are kept up to their present high standard.

Choate's Irony.

Mr. E. P. Whipple told in *Harper's Magazine*, several anecdotes of Rufus Choate's wit and irony:

Nobody at the bar ever equaled him in paying ironical compliments to the Judges who blocked his way to the hearts and understandings of juries. Judge Shaw was specially noted for the gruff way in which he interposed such obstacles, and Shaw's depth of legal learning was not more conspicuous than his force of character.

"'Tisn't so, Mr. Choate," was a frequent interruption, when Shaw was on the bench and Choate was arguing a case before him.

Choate's side-remarks on the Judge have passed into the stereotyped jokes of the bar, and are now somewhat venerable. One is, I think, not commonly stated in the exact words.

"I always approach Judge Shaw," he said, "as a savage approaches his fetish, knowing that he is ugly, but feeling that he is great."

Of Judge Story he once remarked: "I never heard him pronounce a judgment in which he did not argue the case better than the counsel on either side; and for which," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "he might very properly have been impeached."

He delighted in gravely joking with a Judge. Thus he once asked that a case might be postponed, owing to his engagement in another court. The Judge replied that the case was one in which he might write out his argument.

With a mock solemnity, which it always seemed to me no other human countenance could so readily assume, he replied:

"I write well, your Honor, but *slowly*."

As his handwriting resembled the tracks of wildcats, with their claws dipped in ink, madly dashing over the surface of a folio sheet of white paper, the assembled bar could not restrain their laughter.

Indeed, it is affirmed that he could not decipher his own handwriting after a case was concluded, and had to call in experts to explain it to himself. He congratulated himself on the fact that, if he failed to get a living at the bar, he could still go to China and support himself by his pen; that is, by decorating tea-chests.

A Chinese Rip.

Never heard the Chinese version of Rip Van Winkle, did you? The Chinese Rip was a patriarch named Wang Chih. He was gathering firewood one day on the mountains of Ku Chow, when he found a grotto where some old men were playing chess. As he watched them one of them gave him what looked like a date-stone, telling him to put it in his mouth. No sooner had he tasted it than he ceased to feel hunger and thirst. By and by one of the players said: "It is long since you came here; you should go home now." Wang Chih went to take up his ax, and found the handle had moldered into dust. Undismayed, however, he went home, but found that centuries had passed since he went out wood-cutting. No vestige of his kinsfolk remained. He retreated to a cell in the mountains, and, devoting himself to religious exercises, finally attained immortality.

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Dated April 7, 1878.

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A Lady's Experience With Ben Wade.

At the beginning of the war an army officer, serving in Texas, sent his resignation to a brother to be used only in case his State seceded from the Union. The brother, who was a strong secessionist, at once sent in the resignation, and it was accepted. His State did not go out of the Union, but he went out of the army. Soon after forwarding his resignation the officer made up his mind to stick to the Union, come what might. He behaved with great gallantry, and saved some 300 soldiers to the Union army when Gen. Twiggs surrendered. With these he made his way North, and marched all the way to Fort Riley, Kan. He was dumfounded on reaching this place to find that he was no longer an officer, in fact, had been out of service over three months, and had not a cent of pay due him with which to get North. Borrowing some money, he hastened to Washington and laid his case before the authorities, but they could not, or would not, do anything for him.

The officer, after visiting all the departments, gave up in despair, went home and told his wife they must starve, as the North would not have his services, and he could not go South and fight against the old flag. The good wife cheered him up, and for weeks she went about the Capitol trying to get his case reconsidered, without success. The lady became discouraged, but she had a large family of little ones, and for their sake she resolved to persevere and see what would come of it. She knew not what to do, when a friend of hers said to her:

"Why don't you go and see old Ben Wade, of Ohio?"

"Oh," said she, "they say he is so rough; a terrible man, indeed, and I am in dread of going to him."

"Never mind what they say," replied the friend; "you go and see old Ben, and you can tell us afterward about his peculiarities."

The next day the lady did call at Mr. Wade's house, and, learning he was in, tremblingly approached the dread presence. There was nothing forbidding in Mr. Wade's looks, and she soon, under the most gentle encouragement, confided to him everything about her husband's case. When she came to speak of her children she quite broke down and sobbed most bitterly. Mr. Wade, who had been listening to her attentively, rose from his chair, handed her a glass of water, and said kindly: "Pray, do not cry, madam; compose yourself; it may not be so bad a case as you imagine, and you should not despond until I have tried what I can do about it."

The lady looked at him through her tears, and, as she said afterward, felt like hugging him around the neck. His were, indeed, the first kind words she had heard for weeks from any one in power, and she naturally became at once deeply impressed with Mr. Wade's kindness of heart. She dried her eyes and told the Senator all about it. Mrs. Wade, who heard this good lady's story, was affected to tears herself, and, placing her arm about the distressed sister's waist, patted her on the head and said: "There, there, don't grieve; I am sure my husband will help you all he can; you don't know what a kind heart he has, and how deeply he feels always for those who are in trouble."

"And the husband of such a wife could not be otherwise than a good and kind man, but they told me he was so rough," exclaimed the lady.

"Who—me?" roared old Ben.

"Yes, sir; you."

"—— them; they lie," cried old Ben.

"I know now they do, and that it is not so," said the lady.

"Very well, let it go at that," remarked the Senator. "Just now we have other and more important business on hand than discussing our public reputation; but," he added after a pause, "they do lie about me, and if they say that again in your presence just tell them, won't you, for me, they are a set of —— liars." Here was a message for a lady to deliver that might well have astonished anyone, and Mrs. —— said as Wade turned his earnest face toward her and uttered these words she could not help smiling, though she had been crying but a moment before.

"Then you do know this man to be really loyal?" said Wade.

"He certainly is," replied the lady.

"And he would not fight against the Union under any circumstances whatever?"

"Never! never! never!"

"Then," said Wade, "we must have him fight for it; not in the ranks, but as one of its best officers, I trust."

The lady had indeed made a friend worth having, and she went home with a light heart. There was more joy that night in the ex-army officer's house than there had been for many a day.

Mr. Wade learned, as the others had done, the place had been filled and the new officer confirmed. Just here, where almost any other man would have stopped, Wade began to work. The officer had held the commission of Major in the service, and, as there was no vacant Majority to which he could be appointed, Wade tried to find him a Captaincy. Not even a Lieutenancy was vacant, so the War Department folks said, but Wade one day incidentally learned there was a vacant Lieutenant Colonelcy, and without the slightest hesitation urged his man for it.

He carried his point, and the ex-officer was made a Lieutenant Colonel. An attempt to defeat his confirmation was made, but Wade defeated it and had him triumphantly confirmed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Beware.

Beware of salves, beware of plasters, beware of eye-waters, beware of hair-dyes, beware of washes for refining the skin, beware of toilet powders, and be careful in the use of scented soaps. Why? Salves make and keep the skin sore, plasters prevent wounds from healing, eye-waters do often more injury than good, most hair-dyes produce sore eyes, beautifying washes are often poisonous, ditto toilet powders, while scented soaps are usually too sharp by the free alkali they contain.—*Practical American.*

A Long Prayer.

Gov. Letcher the other day gave an anecdote on the convention of 1861 that must go into print. When Mr. Janney, the President of our convention, was absent, Mr. Valentine Southall, of Albemarle, was always in the chair. He was indigestively thin and irritable. Janney had been indisposed for a week, and the Charlottesville dyspeptic presided. During this time there was no "opening the session with prayer." Several delegates complained of the omission. Southall said sharply that it was not his duty to hunt up preachers; that was the business of the Sergeant-at-Arms. This officer was Nat Thompson, of Hanover, a character. Nat defended himself by alleging that Mr. Janney always attended to getting the parsons, but if Mr. Southall thought that the Sergeant ought to have a preacher on hand, he would try to get one. That evening Nat strolled down Main street in search of a certain "parsing," an old acquaintance of Nat. The preacher was off duty, and was "serving tables" by some secular pursuit in Richmond. He was of the hard-shell persuasion. Nat found him, and told him of the need of a "man like him" to lead the prayer for the convention next day. The minister was tickled at the request, but hinted that his Sunday suit was rather rusty. Nat concluded to loan him the proper garments. The hard-shell was at Nat's room the next morning, and was duly arrayed in clever clerical clothes. Nat remarked, on the route, that the convention had been without any worship for a week, and it was expected that the lost devotions should be made up that morning. The hard-shell brother, even in his shortest invocations, never could reach amen under a half hour, and this suggestion of the Sergeant fell in with the inclination of the windy, and, as he loved to call himself, 'Wrestling Jacob.' Mr. Southall's gavel tapped to order exactly at 11. As soon as the parson had struck his regular note, and was beginning to weld his sentences with fervor, Nat quietly slipped from the hall, locked the door and went down to Zatelle's for a lunch. He spent an hour at the restaurant, and, slowly returning to the Capitol, and finding the hard-shell in full swing, he went down to Rockett's and dined with Dick Haskins, sauntered back about 2 o'clock, and still had a quarter of an hour to sun himself on the Capitol steps before the swelling tones of the parson began to taper to the lower key of the conclusion. Nat unbolted the doors as the prayer ended. It had lasted three hours and a quarter. The convention was far from a devotional frame of mind when the regular business began. Mr. Southall never insisted upon that Sergeant-at-Arms furnishing ministers any more.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.*

A Zach Chandler Story.

A citizen of Washington was walking up Pennsylvania avenue, just after the first battle of Bull Run had filled the town with dismay and despondency, and chanced to encounter Senator Zach Chandler, greatly excited over the disastrous defeat, and swearing like a Templar. The Senator seized him by the arm—the two had been friends for years—and said: "Let's go right up and see Lincoln. Something's got to be done, or the country's gone to —— sure." In a few minutes they entered the White House, and found Lincoln—he had evidently been weeping—with his wife, in the Blue room, in a state of agitation. The President held out his hand, exclaiming: "My God, Chandler, I'm glad to see you. We are ruined, ruined. What shall be done?" "Done?" echoed the Senator; "what must be done is this: You must write out a proclamation at once, calling for 300,000 men." Lincoln expostulated. He had not yet had a Cabinet meeting, but he was to have one that evening. "We can't wait," argued Chandler; "we must have the proclamation immediately. It will give confidence to the nation. Without it we'll be in anarchy before a week. Come, Mr. President, there's not a minute to lose," and he urged Lincoln to a desk on which writing materials lay. "I'll wait for the document and take it to the Associated Press, and to-morrow it will be over the country." The proclamation was hurriedly written out, and carried off by Chandler.

To SOME persons coughing is harmless, but to others it is fraught with many dangers. It is, therefore, important to teach those liable to be injured by severe or prolonged efforts at coughing how they may accomplish their purpose easily, safely and quickly. Dr. J. M. Fothergill says: "It must be insisted upon that the chest be well filled with air before the cough is let loose—that is, the reflex act must be inhibited by the action of the will, until the chest be well filled with air before the cough is let loose. Such full inspiration is effective, not only in removing the source of irritation, but it usually causes other masses of mucus to slide from their seat, and thus to set up further cough for their removal. But, if the full inspiration plan be followed, these masses are readily and quickly expelled." Of course these directions are of use only in such coughs as are for the purpose of removing some offending matter from the air passages.

Louisiana Moss.

Louisiana moss is gathered mostly by negroes, and after a tree is stripped it is allowed to rest for seven years, during which time the moss renews itself. Cypress moss is preferred, as it is the longest and most tenacious of all the varieties. After the moss is gathered, it is placed in a sunny spot and left to the action of the wind and weather for a month. At the end of that time the grayish bark peals off, leaving the hair almost clean. It is then sold to the plantation store keeper or country groceryman, who pays from 1 to 2 cents a pound for it, according to quality. The next move is to send the material to New Orleans to manufacture. After the moss reaches the factory it is subjected to the action of the washer, which is a large cylindrical arrangement with a wheel inside, which pulls the moss hither and thither and lashes it through a vat of boiling water and soap, until the stuff is cleaned. Then it is hung out upon the rocks to dry. This done, it is put into a duster, a fan mill which entirely removes all the dust which may have survived the washing process. As a result, the moss comes into the factory yellow in color, and goes out inky black. The article is then made up into bales and marked according to quality. The highest grade can hardly be distinguished from the finest horse-hair.

YUBA BILL AND JEFF.

The interruption of Jeff's "night-watch" was occasioned by an accident which prevented the progress of the Pioneer coach, which ought to have passed that point some time previously, but which, having been delayed by the storm, had finally been brought to a stand-still in about four feet of rushing water some 1,000 yards away from the inn. There were only three passengers—a thin, meek-looking gentleman, named Mayfield, with his wife and daughter. Jeff, on hastily springing from his bed and resuming his boots, found Mr. Mayfield and the driver of the coach, Yuba Bill, appealing to him, each in his own fashion, for assistance. The driver had drawn up the coach into a safe position amidst the waters, and had taken out his team. He and Mr. Mayfield had then waded out, and made their way to the "Half-Way Inn," and Jeff was now requested to lend a hand in fetching up the ladies. Mr. Mayfield's company on this errand was felt to be unnecessary. Yuba Bill—who, by the way, is a decided character, with something of the quaint and oracular Mr. Weller, senior, in him, combined with Yankee smartness—with undisguised contempt for the city gentleman's want of physique, summarily dismissed the idea of his lending any assistance. Accordingly, Yuba Bill and Jeff fetch the ladies.

The meek man sat down helplessly in a chair indicated by Bill, who at once strode after Jeff. In another moment they were both fighting their way step by step against the storm, in that peculiar, drunken, spasmodic way, so amusing to the spectator and so exasperating to the performer. It was no time for conversation, even interjectional profanity was dangerously exhaustive.

The coach was scarcely a thousand yards away, but its bright lights were reflected in a sheet of dark, silent water, that stretched between it and the two men. Wading and splashing, they soon reached it, and a gulley where the surplus water was pouring into the valley below. "Fower feet o' water 'round her, but can't get any higher.' So ye see she's all right for a month o' sich weather." Inwardly admiring the perspicacity of his companion, Jeff was about to open the coach door, when Bill interrupted.

"I'll pack the old woman if you'll look after the darter and any little traps."

A female face, anxious and elderly, here appeared at the window.

"That's my little game," said Bill, sotto voce.

"Is there any danger? Where is my husband?" asked the woman, impatiently.

"Ez to the danger, ma'am—thar ain't any. Yer ez safe *here* ez ye'd be in a Sacramento steamer; ez to yer husband, he allowed I was to come yer and fetch yer up to the hotel. That's his lookout!" With this cheering speech, Bill proceeded to make two or three ineffectual scoops into the dark interior, manifestly with the idea of scooping out the lady in question. In another instant he had caught her, lifted her gently but firmly in his arms, and was turning away.

"But my child!—my daughter!—she's asleep," expostulated the woman; but Bill was already swiftly splashing through the darkness. Jeff, left to himself, hastily examined the coach. On the back seat a slight, small figure, enveloped in a shawl, lay motionless. Jeff threw the bear-skin over it gently, lifted it on one arm, and, gathering a few traveling-bags and baskets with the other, prepared to follow his quickly-disappearing leader. A few feet from the coach the water seemed to deepen and the bear-skin to draggle. Jeff drew the figure up higher, but in vain.

"Sis," he said, softly.

No reply.

"Sis," shaking her gently.

There was a slight movement within the wrappings.

"Couldn't ye climb up on my shoulder, honey? That's a good child!"

There were one or two spasmodic jerks of the bearskin, and, aided by Jeff, the bundle was presently seated on his shoulder.

"Are you all right now, sis?"

Something like a laugh came from the bear-skin. Then a childish voice said: "Thank you, I think I am!"

"Ain't afraid you'll fall off?"

"A little."

Jeff hesitated. It was beginning to blow again.

"You couldn't reach down and put your arm around my neck, could ye, honey?"

"I am afraid not!"—although there was a slight attempt to do so.

"No?"

"No!"

"Well, then, take a good holt, a firm, strong holt o' my hair! Don't be afraid!"

A small hand timidly began to rummage in Jeff's thick curls.

"Take a firm holt; thar, just back o' my neck. That's right."

The little hand closed over half a dozen curls. The little figure shook and giggled.

"Now, don't you see, honey, if I'm keerless with you, and don't keep you plumb level up thar, you jist give me a pull and fetch me up all standing!"—*Bret Harte.*

A Home-Thrust.

William Cullen Bryant, when challenged once to fight a duel, contrived to fasten the charge of cowardice on "the other fellow" very neatly, and with little trouble. His reply having been incorrectly reported in the notices of his death, his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, published the facts as follows:

Mr. Bryant was challenged by a Dr. Holland now deceased, on account of some offensive words that had appeared in the *Evening Post*; but remembering that Dr. Holland had been previously challenged by William Leggett, without taking any notice of the challenge, he replied to this effect:

MY DEAR SIR: I am not familiar with the code of the duelist, but I believe that, according to its provisions, no one has a right to send a challenge to fight a duel, so long as an unanswered challenge hangs over his head.

Then the matter was dropped.

A Marriage for Money.

In New York city a princely mansion was offered for sale, a few years ago, about which hung a sad story. A man of enormous wealth lived to the age of 61 without marrying; then he proposed to a beautiful, brilliant young girl, who belonged to a large but poor family.

She hesitated long before accepting him; his habits, morals, person, were all obnoxious to her, for she was a girl of pure, refined tastes.

But to be the wife of a millionaire; to go to Europe; to reign like a Queen in the city where she had lived on the income of a servant—these were temptations too strong for her, as they are for too many American women.

She married him without a particle of love or respect; sold herself as absolutely for money as ever slave was sold.

Her husband paid for his purchase. Before the marriage he built a magnificent dwelling; architecture, sculpture, painting, gave of their best to make it fit for the home of a royal lady; there was a Chinese room, a Persian room, a Hindoo room; there were conservatories, picture galleries, dainty boudoirs. The plan was that the bride should spend one winter in this regal home, and in the spring go to Europe for a two years' visit.

Two weeks after the wedding, the bridegroom was struck down with paralysis, and for fifteen years lay on his bed a helpless, querulous invalid, nursed by his wife. The mansion was closed, excepting in the sick man's apartments, and resembled a gigantic tomb. By the terms of his will his wife would inherit nothing if she deserted him. She remained faithful, therefore, only to find after his death that his estate was as hollow a sham as her marriage, and that it was swallowed up in his debts.

Not all marriages for money end as dramatically as did this, but they are as tragic in reality. The young girl who sells her life for a price inevitably reaps disappointment and misery.

Washington Society in 1825.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington had been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few Senators or Representatives brought their wives to cheer their Congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at headquarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse prevailed, and those who met at dinner-parties and at evening entertainments were like members of one family, in general sympathy.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball-dress was of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide, were all that was asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles.

Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolivar" frock-coats of some gay-colored cloth—blue, or green, or claret—with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessian" boots with gold tassels. They wore two, and sometimes three, waistcoats each, of different colors; and from their watch-pockets dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full-dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well-stuffed white cambric cravats, small-clothes, or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps.

According to His Works.

Many years ago Sir Alexander Dalrymple, one of the principal proprietors of a parish in the south of Scotland, having taken offense at the minister, fell upon a somewhat original plan by which he thought to cause that gentleman annoyance. For this purpose, when the stipend became due, he sent all round the neighborhood and collected the whole amount in coppers, of which he had several large sacks full. On the appointed day the baronet had his bulky money bags conveyed in a cart to the manse, chuckling to think of the time it would take the reverend gentleman to count the contents. In this, however, he was somewhat disappointed, as the minister, taking the money very coolly, merely told his man to turn out the bags and see if it was right. On the following Sunday, the baronet and his family being in their usual seat at church, the minister, by way of improving the occasion, startled the congregation in general, and his wealthy parishioner in particular, by giving out as his text—2 Timothy, iv. 14, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works."

"See Me Buy His Soul for Two Cents."

Speaking of goodness calls to mind an incident that happened in one of our shops, showing again the poor side of frail humanity. A man from a neighboring village, wealthy and well known as a generous giver to various institutions, and yet close-fisted and penurious withal, was having a little job done in a shop, and as he came for the work an Irishman who had worked for him said to the men: "See me buy his soul for two cents," at the same time laying a two-cent piece upon the bench where the work was. The gentleman, seeing the money, after hastily looking about the room to see that no one was looking, picked up the money and put it in his pocket. When he came to pay for his repairs he was charged 27 cents. As he had generally paid but 25 cents for the same work, he inquired what the extra 2 cents was for, and, after some urging, he was gently informed that it was to pay for the 2 cents he had picked up. He quickly left the shop.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

THE person who retires with the sun must have a warm bed-fellow.

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Advertisements in column of "Wants," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.
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EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D., Rector. At the rector's residence. Blessed sacrament on all Sundays and other holy days of obligation, at 11 a. m., St. Paul time. Sunday school and even-song at 2 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., St. Paul time. All are invited; seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, at pastor's residence, on 2d street near Thayer. W. C. STEVENS, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.
JOHN CHRYSOSTOM FOFFA, O. S. B., Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
JOSEPH HARE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. WM. BAKER, N. G.
WM. VANKUSTER, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
ED. SLOAN, Foreman.
DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday, at 7:45 a. m.

FORTS.—Leave for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6:30 p. m.

Leave for Forts Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 6 p. m.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 4 p. m.

BLACK HILLS.—Leaves daily at 8 p. m.

Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m.

Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, on 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880

AN Odd Fellows' Lodge is about being organized in Mandan.

THE stand-by sixty-stamp mill at Rochford, Black Hills, is now at work.

THE Fargo city council at a meeting on May 3d, ordered that the Fargo *Republican* be the official paper and official city printer of the city of Fargo.

MAJOR SNYDER has taken editorial charge of the Lead City *Enterprise*. The major is an excellent writer and will doubtless add much to the reputation of the *Enterprise*.

ONE thousand copies of the illustrated edition of the TRIBUNE were sold by the newsboys on trains leading in and out of St. Paul, and over five hundred have already been ordered in the way of sample copies.

A few copies of the illustrated edition were sent out with the cuts worked from the stereotyped plates. Copper plates were ordered in the first instance and were substituted as soon as the blunder was noticed. Those worked on copper are clear and bright.

THE Sioux Falls *Pantagraph* says, "Dakota newspapers are quite generally swinging into line for Blaine." Jim Blaine is a strong candidate, but the fight promises to wax warm. The dark horse THE TRIBUNE swings its whole piece on, is coming swiftly down the home stretch of public popularity, with fine chances for reaching the presidential grand stand, in the person of Wm. Windom.

IN preparing the illustrated edition, THE TRIBUNE endeavored to give an idea of the country around and beyond Bismarck, of the building up of this country, the opening of farms and the extension of trade that will give Bismarck its permanent prosperity. The paper might have been filled with personal notices or long puffs of this interest or that, but it confined itself to more important matters.

TWENTY thousand copies of the illustrated edition of THE TRIBUNE were ordered by the Black Hills people. A large portion of these go into the hands of capitalists in New York, California and Europe, whose attention will be attracted, with profit to the North Pacific country. These copies go into the hands of men of means who are not afraid to buy mines, invest in farms or go their last cent on a case card, if their fancy leads in that direction. These are the kind of people that are wanted at Bismarck.

WHEN Sheriff McKenzie and party were in Michigan and Indiana, they found that almost all were inquiring in relation to North Pacific lands; they met scores of people who are almost persuaded to come West. A little exertion on the part of Bismarck business men will turn a tide in this direction that will certainly lead on to prosperity. Fargo is booming because every man in Fargo puts his shoulder to the wheel, and works for Fargo, and the settlement of the surrounding country. When Bismarck does likewise, its boom will carry everything before it.

WILLIAM WINDOM has been a member of congress for the past twenty years, taking his seat as a member of the House at the commencement of the thirty-sixth congress. During the dark and gloomy days of the rebellion, when the presidential cabinet and a republican congress were exerting every energy to furnish means and men for the union cause, when the mettle of our public men was tried by the fire of domestic revolution; when the government was combatting the enemy in the field, and those at home, who like worms, were gnawing at the patriotic sentiment throughout the north and trying to destroy the national credit abroad; in those darkest hours filled with gloomiest forebodings, sunshine, confidence and courage brightened the hearts of the patriots in the field and imbued them with fresh strength and energy by the presence at the helm of such statesmen as Windom, Thad. Stevens, Sam'l. Hooper, John P. Hale, Henry Winter Davis, Garfield, Blaine, Henry T. Blow and Washburne, of the house; and Sumner, Wade, Chandler, Thos. H. Hicks, Jim Lane, of Kansas, Hamlin and Morgan, of New York, Henry Wilson, Ramsey, Trumbull and Anthony, of the senate. This solid phalanx of energy, grit and ability, the backbone and strength of the nation, in conjunction with Lincoln and his cabinet, did like service with the troops in the field in subduing the greatest rebellion the world ever knew, and kept the old ship afloat with the colors floating at the top-mast through five years of trials and triumphs. Few of the old "war-horses" remain. Most of them have been summoned to the Congress where all nations are judged. Of those mentioned above, Windom, the dark horse of the northwest in the presidential race, Garfield, Blaine and Hamlin, are yet in congress; Ramsey is secretary of war, Washburne, Morgan and others are wearing the laurels of success, in private life. These men are made up of qualities that have given strength and success to the party for the past twenty years. Mr. Windom is a representative type of the true republican and one of these veterans of public life. We take pleasure in saying that of the few of our congressmen left who have taken active part in public affairs who have been through the vicissitudes of war, credit mobeliers, political intrigues, election frauds, sectional strife and salary grabs for the past twenty years, none can present a more unblemished record, untarnished by any political corruption, than Mr. Windom. To the contrary his long career has been marked by honesty, purity of purpose and firmness of character, combined with a natural dignity and intricate knowledge of public affairs, which makes him the most fit candidate for presidential honors yet mentioned. We venture to say that one could count on his fingers the number of public men that have been doing congressional duty during this long period of time who enjoy such an irreproachable reputation as William Windom.

In urging the name of Wm. Windom some weeks ago, the TRIBUNE, knowing his fitness and recognizing the situation that must result in the defeat of Blaine and Grant, flung to the breeze the Windom banner! To-day no man is more prominently mentioned. The Springfield *Republican* and other leading eastern journals heartily endorse him, and the Grant men generally make no secret of the fact that Mr. Windom is their second choice, while those favoring Blaine or Sherman make no objection to him. In all the land there is no bigger or better man in public or private life than Wm. Windom. His election to the Presidency of the United States would reflect honor on our country and be creditable to our Republican institutions. He should be nominated; he can be elected.

THE very best evidence of the rapid settlement of Burleigh and adjoining counties is the fact that Mr. Corey, the clerk of the district court, has filed more applications of aliens, to become citizens of the United States during the past two months than all like applications filed since the organization of the county, five years ago. In every instance the application was made that the alien might be able to take a homestead under the laws of the country. The future agricultural wealth of the county is a settled fact. These people occupy a quarter section each and no more solid basis could exist for the future growth of our city than the development of our agricultural interests. Combined with the constant increase of the railroad, river and other commercial interests, Bismarck being the natural headquarters of these interests, in the Missouri valley.

PRIVATE advices from Washington state that the president tendered the appointment of governor of the territory to Mr. Rogers, who declined it; that he decided to abide by the wishes of the people of the territory in the appointment, but an unusual powerful congressional pressure was brought to bear for the appointment of Mr. Ordway, who during sixteen years as sergeant-at-arms of the house made scores of friends among the prominent men of the country and who now desire to reward him for the many favors extended them, while in his official capacity in the house. The only hope our correspondent says of a citizen of Dakota being appointed would be the continuance of this congressional siege for Ordway's appointment. The president occasionally gets a little perplexed at long continued pouncing at the official doors, and Grant like, "goes it a one." If this state of affairs should occur then and then only will a Dakotaian grace the gubernatorial chair. The chance, however, of such a turn is like drawing a prize in the Havanna Lottery.

HON. J. V. OFFENBACHER, probate judge of Lawrence county, paid THE TRIBUNE a call this week. Judge Offenbacher has been in Washington for the past two months looking after the bill introduced in congress regarding the townsite of Deadwood, and which, if passed, will settle the innumerable cases arising from the present status of affairs. The bill, through the effort of Delegate Bennett, had been reported favorably by the committee to the House and was receiving the favorable consideration of the senate committee, when Judge Offenbacher was suddenly called home by a telegram from the district attorney and Porter Warner, of the *Times*, stating that "the ring was busted, everything confusion, come home immediately." Judge Offenbacher being the officer having the appointing power, the order was imperative and he started immediately for the Hills, leaving the townsite bill in the hands of Mr. Bennett. Much pressure has been brought to bear against the bill by Leadville parties, and other mining towns, but the judge, who is an old Washingtonian and "knows the ropes" thoroughly, successfully manouvered the matter up to the time of his being called away, and had the assurance of the senate sub-committee that it would be reported favorably. Speaking of Delegate Bennett he said that too much praise could not be given him for his watchfulness and unceasing efforts in everything that concerned the territorial interests. The congressional life of a delegate was up hill at best, and being without a vote, it required hard work to engineer bills through depending entirely upon the delegate's acquaintance with members and his ability to get them interested in measures he may be advocating. Mr. Bennett has been exceptionally successful in this respect, and is now in a position to take care of the many interests of our extensive territory, that will continue to increase with the population until congress shall make a division of Dakota that will ultimately add two more to the constellation of states when the representatives will be able to manage the congressional legislation of each district. No person in the territory is more eminently fitted than Mr. Bennett for the position he now occupies and for the interests of the territory to say nothing of the advantages he enjoys personally, he should be sent back.

IF the success of the bill for the appropriation $30,000 to aid in constructing a penitentiary for Dakota criminals, depend on its own merits, it will surely pass. Judge Bennett shows by statistics the immense returns the government derives annually through the public land offices and the internal revenue tax in the territory and by way of comparison cites other territories that have been benefitted by government appropriations for public buildings, while Dakota thus far has been left out in the cold. When the cost of transportation and care of prisoners now taken to Detroit, Michigan, is taken into consideration, the bill should pass as a matter of economy. Judge Bennett is pushing the matter with his accustomed energy and will doubtless succeed.

THE delegates elected at the county convention held Monday last are expected to present the name of J. W. Raymond, of Bismarck to the territorial convention as one of the two delegates to represent Dakota at the republican national convention to be held in Chicago June 2d. Mr. Raymond is one of the leading business men of the territory and well known throughout the northwest. As a staunch republican and representative man in every sense of the term no better choice could have been made. THE TRIBUNE earnestly joins with the republicans of Burleigh county in presenting his name as delegate from Northern Dakota.

THE Yellowstone *Journal* having changed hands is now edited by W. D. Knight. It is a model seven column paper and full of fresh news from all parts of the frontier country. Under this able management it is a live *news* paper and a decided success.

THE *Tribune* is a spicy little sheet published at New Buffalo, on the Northern Pacific railroad. Its name is synonomous with success.

Army Intelligence.

Seventy recruits for Keogh and Custer went up on the Batchelor Saturday.

Gen. Miles has been ordered to report to his proper station, A. G. O., May 1.

Paymaster Maynadier paid Lincoln Tuesday and left Wednesday for Fort Stevenson.

The Buford letter from THE TRIBUNE'S correspondent, "Rex," contains many interesting army notes.

Capt. John Mix, 2d Cavalry, has been granted one year's leave, with privilege to go beyond the sea.

Lieut. A. E. Kilpatrick, company "E," 17th Infantry, Pembina, has resigned, to take effect June 30th.

Col. Huston, 6th Infantry, has been recommended by Gen. Hazen for retirement with rank of lieut.-colonel.

The expert in the Whittaker case concludes that No. 27 "C. B. S." wrote the note of warning to the colored youth.

Col. Poland, 6th Infantry, has been granted leave of absence and will spend the summer at Narragansette Pier, R. I.

Lieut. Wagner, 6th Infantry, returned from a pleasant trip to St. Paul Wednesday, whither he had gone on official business.

Company "L," 7th Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Bell, arrived in Bismarck from Jamestown Thursday noon. The company presented a fine appearance in their march through town, to their new post at Fort Lincoln.

Miss Alvord, daughter of the Paymaster General of the Army, was married to Dr. Thos. Craig of the Coast Survey, Wednesday, 5th inst.

It is rumored that the headquarters of the 11th Infantry will be changed from Sully to Yates, and that Gen. Carlin will go to Snelling.

Company "A," of the 11th Infantry, has arrived from Sully and are now quartered at Lincoln. The company will go out on the extension and join Maj. Merrill's command.

Col. J. S. Poland, of the 6th Infantry, and family, left Thuesday morning for Narragansett Pier, R. I., where they will spend the summer. The colonel has a six months' leave.

Lieut. Ingalls, 6th Infantry, has been in town during the past week on business connected with his company. He has hosts of friends in Bismarck and is one of the most popular young officers in the department.

Lieut. Ingalls, of the 6th Infantry, says the congenial atmosphere and varied attractions(?) of the cantonment in the Bad Lands make it unsurpassable as a winter station.

Maj. Merrill, of the 7th, who was to take command of the troops at the extension, has as yet received no orders. The general suspension of orders, making many changes in the department, will probably remain in force until after the departure of the 6th for the Ute country.

It is announced in the New York *Herald*, May 8th, that the 6th Infantry will be ordered to the White River country to take the place of the 7th, who will return to Snelling. Several orders that had been made, changing the stations of companies in this department, have been temporarily suspended, and the change, though not announced officially as yet, will take place. So certain of this are many officers of the regiment that they are making preparations already.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

Proposals for Fresh Beef.

OFFICE CHIEF C. S. DEPT. OF DAKOTA,
ST. PAUL, MINN., April 20, 1880.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in duplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office, and at the office of the Commissary of Subsistence at Yankton, until 12 o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, the 5th day of May, 1880, at which time and places they will be opened in presence of bidders, for furnishing such quantities of Fresh beef from the block as may be required by the Subsistence Department U. S. Army, at Forts Buford, A. Lincoln, Meade, Yates, Bennett, Sully, Randall, Pembina, and Totten, D. T., during the fiscal year commencing July 1st, 1880.

Proposals will be received up to, and opened, at the same hour at the several posts by the respective Commissaries of such posts, each post Commissary receiving proposals for his own post, only.

It is expressly understood that the contracts made under this advertisement, shall not be construed to involve the United States in any obligation for payment in excess of the appropriation granted by Congress for the purpose.

Blank Proposals, and printed circulars giving detailed information as to the quality of beef, manner of bidding, conditions to be observed by bidders, etc., may be obtained on application to the undersigned, to the Commissary of Subsistence at Yankton, or to the Acting Assistant Commissary of Subsistence at any of the posts.

The United States reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Proposals should be enclosed in sealed envelopes marked "Proposals for Fresh Beef" at Fort (here insert the name of the post) and addressed to the undersigned to Capt. W. A. Eldeckin, C. S., U. S. A., Yankton, D. T., or to the A. A. C. S. at the post bid for.

M. R. MORGAN,
Major and C. S., U. S. A.

TONSORIAL ARTISTS

W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor

TONSORIAL PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

MISCELLANEOUS

IMPURE BLOOD,

A torpid liver and dyspepsia cause moroseness and irritability, and the mind becomes dull and cloudy. Persons suffering in this way are unfit for the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Tonic known, and it at the same time builds up and fortifies the system, invigorates the liver, aids digestion, and cures dyspepsia. It is fast superseding all other medicines offered for similar purposes. It is composed of barks, roots, seeds, gums and iron. No remedy has ever gained such wide reputation in so short time for purifying, toning up, and reinforcing the whole system, and imparting cheerfulness, vivacity and buoyancy of spirits, as the sovereign remedy.

Manufactured by J. P. ALLEN,
Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
For Sale by W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
Bismarck, D. T.

DAKOTA

A copy of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, (special and illustrated edition) containing full information in relation to the public and railroad lands of Dakota, the Black Hills mining interests, and the grazing lands of the Yellowstone sent on receipt of three 3 cent stamps. This issue will be published about April 20th.
Address, TRIBUNE, Bismarck, Dakota.

AMERICAN REPRINT OF THE

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

J. M. Bull, Bismarck, Agent for Northern Dakota.

Sample copies at the Parsonage, on Fifth St.

SMASHER for joy! Only $18 for a genuine N. Y. Singer Sewing Machine. Can see and try before you buy. Elegant finish, best materials, and finest work. *Warranted 3 years.* Kept in order free. See our book (sent free) before you buy. Try us and *save money. No risk.* ECONOMY EMPORIUM, 47 Third Av., Chicago.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our Price List for 1880. FREE to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for personal or family use, with over 1,200 Illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

COHERE.—You can make money by selling our Sterling Chemical Wicks—Never needs trimming. No smoke or smell —10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. Send stamp for catalogue of Wonderful Inventions, staple and fancy goods. Parsons, Foster & Co., 125 Clark St., Chicago.

Jewell's Directory St.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

J W RAYMOND & CO

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK D. T.

HARDWARE

D. I. BAILEY. J. R. BAILEY.

D. I. BAILEY & CO.

DEALERS IN GENERAL

HARDWARE

Stoves and Tinware,
Whips and Lashes.

Agencies Deere & Co's Plows, Buckeye Mowers and Reapers, J. H. Thomas & Sons' Hay Rakes, Boks Axes and Hatchets, O Sanford & Co Whips, Union Co's cutlery.

84, MAIN ST.
BISMARCK D. T.

TAILOR.

E. SCHEFFLER.

Fine Merchant Tailor

No. 6 North Fourth St., Bismarck, D. T.

A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

Repairing Neatly Done.

INSURANCE.

FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE.

Connecticut	$1,483,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	29,000,000
Tracers	859,000
La Confiance	5,660,000
Hamburg-Magdeburg	833,000
Hamburg-Bremen	1,234,000
German-American	2,619,000

49tf J. J. CALL, Agent.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LOUIS LARSON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Custom Boots and Shoes.

The Most Fashionable Shop in the West.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to.

NO. 8 NORTH THIRD ST.,

BISMARCK, D. T.

HOTEL

J. G. MALLOY. P. P. MALLOY.

WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Prop.

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA

The house is centrally located and recently enlarged, refitted and refurnished. Opposite the Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

RESTAURANT

1873 1880

Forster's Restaurant

(Established May, 1873.)

The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.

Board by the day or week.

Meals at all hours.

HIDES

GEO OBERNE, Chicago. Established 1868. H. M. HOSICK, Des Moines, Ia.

CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.

CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.

Oberne, Hosick & Co.,

BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA.

Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Houses:

Omaha 251 & 253 Harney St.
Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.
Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter, 17th St.
Ottumwa, Iowa, 30 Main St.
Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Pueblo, Colorado.
Bismarck, Dakota.

LAND NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T. April 7th 1880. Complaint having been entered at this office by Hugo McGuire against Wm. B. Winston for abandoning his timber culture entry No. 28, dated October 16, 1877, upon the north east quarter of section 19, township 139, range 80, in Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of May, 1880, at 1 o'clock p. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MANTOR, Register.
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

FINE PORTRAITS A SPECIALTY.

VIEWS AND DAKOTA SCENERY.

16 Main Street

49tf O. S. GOFF.

MEDICAL.

Guarantee Medical Institute.

45 EAST THIRD ST

SAINT PAUL MINN.

Established 1861 for the cure of Private, Nervous, and Chronic Diseases, including Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of Women, &c.

The Physicians of this old and reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases—are regular graduates—and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken and may be consulted personally or by letter.

No Fee Till Cured.

Sufferers from any of these ailments before consulting others should understand their diseases and the latest improved Treatment adopted at our institute, by reading our books.

THE SECRET MONITOR and Guide to Health, a private Medical Treatise on the above Diseases, with the anatomy and physiology of the Sexual System in Health and Disease, containing 300 pages and over 100 plates and engravings, sent on receipt of fifty cents or stamps.

A Private Medical Pamphlet of 32 pages and chart of Questions for stating cases sent free.

All business strictly confidential. Office hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sunday excepted.

Address as above.

DR. FELLER'S

Private

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

4 Jefferson Street, Saint Paul Minnesota,

(Four doors from Merchant's Hotel)

Speedily Cures all Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, without the use of Mercury or hindrance from business.

NO CURE, NO PAY

Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, and all old, lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing blotches, sore throat, pains in the head and bones, and all diseases of the kidneys and Bladder, are CURED FOR LIFE.

Young, Middle-Aged and Old Men, who are suffering from the terrible effects of Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, and loss of Sexual Powers, as the result of self abuse in youth or excesses of mature years, producing emissions, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, despondency, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured in a short time, where all others have failed, by Dr. F.

The doctor is a regular graduate, of many years experience in this specialty. His remedies having been used for over thirty years, and having never failed in curing even the worst cases, he is able to guarantee a certain and speedy cure for all troubles of a private nature. Consultation personally or by letter free. Cases and correspondence strictly confidential. Write for List of Questions. His patients are being treated by mail and express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a m to 12 m., and 1:30 to 8 p m. Sundays excepted. 37—

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

"BABY MINE."

Government Analysis of the Coal Now Being Mined.

Mr C W Thompson, of the firm of By Thompson, owners of the Baby Mine colliery, on the extension, sent a specimen of their coal to Delegate Bennett, who had it analyzed at the Smithsonian Institute by Prof Taylor, the mineralogist, who made the following official report to [illegible] of Baird, secretary of the Institute

	per cent
Water at 100 deg centigrade	9 26
Volatile hydro carbons	45 72
Fixed carbon	40.22
Ash	4 79
Total	99 99

An analysis was also made by the chemist of the agricultural department, who made materially the same report. Prof [illegible] says the specimen is a lignite, and in answer to a question of Mr Thompson's relative to older carboniferous formations underlying these lignites, says: As to the possibility of the carboniferous coals underlying the more recent formations, McFarland, in his work on the coal [illegible] of America, is of the opinion that [illegible] do not underlie the more recent formations in that part of the west and further [illegible] than Fort Riley, Kansas. The upper carboniferous rocks exist but are above the true coal beds."

The Baby Mine coal presents an excellent analysis, as will be seen by the proportion of carbons to water and ash being 59.[illegible] per cent to [illegible] 05, and as a lignite for heating purposes could not be [illegible] [illegible] this being an official report from government mineralogist with such a remarkably fine showing as lignite coal the Baby Mine owners are to be congratulated in the possession of their bonanza, which is as good as a gold mine. [illegible] interests, which remain to manufacturing or domestic, are enhanced by these coal fields of western Dakota and [illegible] one more solid fixed industry to the [illegible] that make this part of the territory [illegible] an agricultural, manufacturing and commercial locality

Black Hills Railroad

[illegible] surveying party of the [illegible] that is [illegible] constructed from Bismarck to the [illegible]. It is will arrive in a few days, [illegible] active operations will commence [illegible] preliminary survey will be made and [illegible] capitalists to furnish [illegible] New [illegible] parties the early completion of the [illegible] may be looked for

[illegible] WEATHER REPORT
Bismarck D [illegible] May [illegible] 1880

	Highest	Lowest	Mean
Barometer	30 [illegible]	29 [illegible]	30 [illegible]
Thermometer	62	[illegible]	[illegible] 2
Humidity (Rel)	[illegible]		49 4

Winds Total Av velocity [illegible] 0
Winds prevalent direction SE
Winds total movement 2382 miles
Rainfall 0 29
Solar Halo 0
Lunar Halo 0
Note Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation

BANK STATEMENTS.

Report of the condition of the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF BISMARCK

[illegible] of Dakota at the close of business April 23 1880

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	$[illegible]
Overdrafts	[illegible] 61
US bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	[illegible] 68
Due from approved reserve agents	[illegible]
Due from other National banks	[illegible] 06
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	[illegible] 30
Current expenses and taxes paid	[illegible] 17
Premiums paid	[illegible] 13
Checks and other cash items	1 180 30
Bills of other banks	10,195 25
Fractional currency (including nickels)	104 05
Specie including gold Treasury certificates	3,097 65
Legal tender notes	9,000 00
Redemption fund with U S Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2 250 00
Total	$170,835 87

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$50,000 00
Undivided profits	[illegible] 82
National bank notes outstanding	[illegible] 00
Individual deposits subject to check	18 069 04
Demand certificates of deposit	[illegible] 21
Time certificates of deposit	[illegible] 82
Due to other National banks	[illegible] 45
Due to State banks and bankers	[illegible]
Total	$170,835 87

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh, ss
I, G H Fairchild cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. G H FAIRCHILD, Cashier
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th of April 1880. FRANK R P BROWN, Notary Public
Correct Attest:
H R PORTER
DAN EISENBERG, Directors
ASA FISHER

BANK

[illegible] MANN, Prest. G H FAIRCHILD Cashier
St Paul Minn. Bismarck D T

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF BISMARCK,

Bismarck. - - Dakota.

Paid up Capital $50,000

DIRECTORS
[illegible] MANN, G H FAIRCHILD
H R PORTER, ASA FISHER,
[illegible] EISENBERG

CORRESPONDENTS
American Exchange Nat. Bank New York
First National Bank Chicago,
Merchants Na[illegible] Bank, St. Paul.

[illegible]lections made and promptly remitted. Drafts [illegible] principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits
[illegible] for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamboats

[illegible] MANN Prest. G H FAIRCHILD Cashier
St Paul, Minn. Bismarck D T

STAGE LINES

Bismarck and Ft [illegible]
STAGE AND EXPRESS
AND
U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at [illegible] m, making the full trip in five days.
Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days as on Bismarck, at 6 a m.
For express, freight or passage apply to
JOHN LEASURE,
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We have an immense quantity to match every variety of color and ranging at all prices. The new styles this season include the finest French, Persian, Oriental and Japanese Colorings imported. Special attention is called to our line of

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Black, White and Colored Gros Grain Silks; Black, White and Colored Marceline Silks; Black White and Colored Foulard Silks; also same variety of Satins, Fancy Twilled and Striped Silks; Striped and Fancy Gauzes; Grenadines, Plushes, and all new styles.

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Black English Crapes, in all widths and qualities. A splendid stock of Black Dress Fabrics, including Black Armures, Shoodah Cloths and the best Cashmeres in the market. Our immense stock of

HAMBURGS

Is Full and Complete in Every Respect

A FINE STOCK OF PARASOLS AND SILK UMBRELLAS,
ALSO PAPER, JAPANESE, COTTON AND SILK FANS.

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PLOW WORKS,

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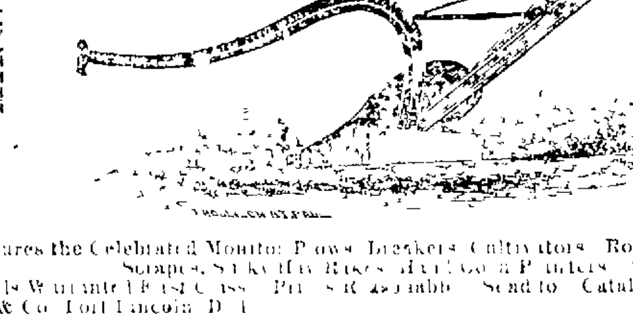

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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

The April number of this admirable magazine comes to us very richly freighted, as its contents are invariably brilliant in their literary and artistic departments, but in the present one are even more so than usual. The New Irish Movement by N. Robinson, gives a clear insight into the political upheavals which have led to Obstruction and the agitation for a Peasant Proprietary. The article is profusely illustrated. Sketches of Highland character treats of Sheep Farming and Drovers. Gentleman George by Alfred Guernsey, is an article of great interest, especially in reference to the times of George the Fourth in England, the trial of Queen Caroline, etc. etc. Among the numerous illustrations are portraits of George and the Queen, Princess Charlotte, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord Chancellor Eldon and of the counsel who were engaged in the celebrated trial of the Queen. There are a variety of meritorious and unusually interesting stories, sketches, etc., by Etta W. Pierce, Eleanor Grantham, Edward Greey, Frank Leslie and other popular writers. There are poems by Bret Harte, G. A. Davis, A. Alphons Dayton, etc. There is in fact an abundance of good things which will prove to the reader a source of the highest gratification, entertainment and instruction. The number contains 128 quarto pages of first class literature and about 100 illustrations admirably executed, together with a handsome colored frontispiece Happy Days. The price of a single copy is only 25 cents; the annual subscription, $3, six months, $1 50. Address Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York

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Headquarters for the "Old Time Boys" and rising sports.

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Our work defies competition. You will always find the most economy and the greatest satisfaction by leaving your orders for clothing [illegible] the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.
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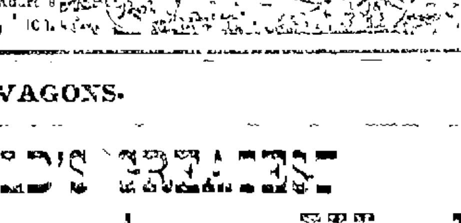

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Shirts, Shirts, Shirts.

Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business I would request all persons who will be so kind as to call and leave their measure to guarantee a perfect fit to all personal material used. Shirts turned out on short notice for from $1 75 up.
Third St., next door to Mrs. Ives' Millinery

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A COMMON THEME.

BY EMILIE CLARE.

There's not the least doubt you'll succeed if you try
To utter your thoughts in magnificent rhymes;
Rhetorical rules of course you'll decry
Are the key to success into metrical chimes.

With subjects so plenty don't linger to seek,
And nibble your pencil like one in a dream;
Just go to the volume of nature, then speak
Of her radiant beauty of forest and stream.

Don't listen to critics, who clamor for song
Translucent and free from that olden estate,
When its dew-spangled garlands, though woven so long,
Are lovelier now than the robes of the great.

You will hear it no doubt from the sage's own lips,
"The theme is too common," "No novelty wove;"
When the nectar the bee from the lily cup sips,
Has gemmed it for centuries out in the grove.

Less lovely, less rare, dare the creature complain
Of the author who writ out the poem divine—
The tremulous measures of soft-falling rain—
The babbling brooklets that sing as they shine?

Not soon shall the poem of nature grow old,
Not soon they grow weary who list to the strain;
Though ages and ages together have rolled,
Each page of the seasons is welcomed again.

From emerald to gold whether flut'ring or prone,
It hangs in its beauty aloft on the tree,
Or lying in autumn neglected, alone,
The autograph lines of its author you see.

Then write out your sentences, graceful, of course,
And pure as the lakelet that mirrors the sky;
Leave the critics their nag 'tis a privileged horse,
And, without an old hobby to ride, they would die.

A Window-Garden.

Those who appreciate the possession of a window-garden may find the following suggestions, by a writer in the *Practical Farmer*, useful in preparing it:

A bay-window, next to a greenhouse, is the very best to grow plants in, because in this manner they get the light all around them, thus causing them to grow symmetrical, for plants will instinctively grow to the light.

Before cold weather sets in, select the best window you have suitable for plants on the line.

One having a southern exposure is to be preferred; next to that, one looking east or west; but it is useless to attempt growing anything in a north window.

Go over every inch in the window-sash, and with strips of paper or putty stop every crack and crevice where Jack Frost is liable to make his entrance.

While it is of the utmost importance to keep out frost, we must be equally careful to keep our plants in a moist atmosphere. Remember that the dry air of a sitting-room is particularly unfavorable to growing plants.

To counteract this, moisture should be frequently applied by means of a fine sprinkler.

I have one made of rubber, with a brass perforated nozzle, which I especially recommend for in-door gardening.

Another way to get the damp air so necessary to the welfare of plants is to set them upon a bed of sand, which should be frequently watered.

If you keep the temperature about 65 degrees by day, and 50 to 55 by night, you will be little troubled with green fly or red spider; but, if your plants become infested, go at them at once.

Fumigation and washing are the means of prevention and cure.

Look over your plants every day, watering thoroughly such as need it, leaving the others till the next day.

Give all the light and air you possibly can. Most plants will luxuriate in the sunlight, but such as rex begonia can be arranged in the shade of some of the others.

There are such a large number of plants for winter flowering, I will only name such as anyone may succeed with.

Abutilons produce large bell-shaped flowers. Boule de neige, white, of dwarf habit. John Hopkins is a new yellow variety.

Begonias, with their pretty flowers and handsome foliage combined, make one of the most popular classes of plants.

Carnations are fine winter blossoms. Peter Henderson, a new white variety, is in my opinion the very best.

Geraniums are abundant bloomers, and will grow for almost everybody.

Either the single or double varieties bloom freely in winter. I have over fifty varieties, and, like Oliver Twist, I want more.

Ivy may be grown in any part of the room, and the vines trained to wreath a picture, or in any way fancy may suggest.

The above are only a few of the plants suitable for a window garden. Hanging-baskets filled with trailing plants add much to the adornment of a bay-window.

Do not attempt to grow all I have named; select such as are best suited to your windows, and my word for it you will never regret starting a window garden.

BELOW we print a magic square, known as the "Knight's Tour," which will be found very interesting.

[illegible]	7	52	5	26	43	51	
48	1	[illegible]	29	14	53	6	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25	5	[illegible]	19	
[illegible]	9	[illegible]	[illegible]	31	6	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	5	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	34	
[illegible]	[illegible]	24	[illegible]	[illegible]	7	10	33
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	21	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	25	[illegible]	3	60	37	92	[illegible]

This square is formed by the move of a knight across a chess-board. Starting from 1, he touches every square on the board, and no square more than once, bringing up at 64. It will be seen that each horizontal and vertical column sums up 260. Divide the board into four quarters, and the horizontal and vertical columns of each quarter will sum up 130. Divide the board into 16 equal squares, and the figures of each square will sum up 130. Thus: 1x30x48x5=130. Take a horizontal column. Add the odd numbers of the left half to the even numbers of the right half, and vice versa, and the result is 130. Thus: 1x47x28x54=130. There are hundreds of other wonderful features about this square, which space forbids us mentioning.

THE difference between a sailor and a pugilist is, that one is lashed to the mast and the other mashed to the last, or ought to be.

"Peacock Finery."

When "Pitman George" had become "Old George" to his friends, and "Mr. George Stephenson," the great railroad engineer, to the public, he was noted for his plainness in dress.

Though often in contact with Lords and Dukes, he fastened his white necktie with a large brass pin, and wore no ornament—watch-chain, breast-pin or ring.

Mr. Stephenson hated foppery in young men—"peacock finery," he called it—as one youth learned to his sorrow.

He was "Old George's" private secretary, and loved to dress in a showy style, though, when in the old man's presence, he restrained his propensity. But one unlucky day, intending to take a stroll with two "swell" friends, through the fashionable quarter of London, he dressed himself as a dandy.

His costume was patent-leather boots, light-colored trousers, and a tightly-buttoned coat of blue cloth, within which was seen a line of a white vest, with a pink shade under it; white wristbands turned back six inches over the coat-sleeves, a black satin scarf, from which glistened two diamond breast-pins, connected by a delicate gold chain, light gloves, and a shiny silk hat and a small cane.

As he was sauntering through the street, filled with promenaders, who should he meet but "Old George." The two friends left, but Mr. Stephenson, taking his secretary by the button, turned him round and round, as if showing him off to the passers-by.

A crowd collected. At last, releasing the youth, "Old George" blurted out, in his strongest Northumbrian accent:

"Young man, you have lived five years at my house, but I never knew I was harboring an American jackdaw."

What an "American jackdaw" was the youth knew not, save that it was something indicative of contempt. Of course he was mad, but as his employer never referred to the "sight" he was wise enough to remain silent. It worked, however, a change in his "peacock finery."

A Fight for the Standard.

Shortly after the civil war had ended, a young rustic in army blue, with a musket, stopped on his homeward way at our house. That faded dingy blue was the most interesting color in the world then, and, as this soldier, scarcely more than a boy, ate his dinner we felt grateful to him. He had a simple, narrow mind, which all his experiences of camp and field had not deeply impressed. Presently he said he'd got somethin' he didn't know but we'd like to see, and pulled out of a breast-pocket a leather case, which he opened, disclosing a large bronze medal. We read the inscription; it was to the effect that the Congress of the United States presented this medal to Corporal —— for bravery in the field. Then, of course, he had to tell us the story, something after this fashion:

"Wal, ye see, it was down the peninsular one of them days when we didn't seem to be doin' nothin' 'twuz any use. We was most up the side 'f a hill an' ez quiet ez a graveyard, but sometimes it a feller on'y showed his head over the top he see and heard enough, I tell ye. I kep' creepin' up an' lookin' down, an' I see a lot of rebs 'twan't doin' any more'n we, an' a big feller in the middle; he stood kind o' careless and sassy, holdin' a hansum flag. I told the feller next me, sez I, 'I snum I'm goin' to get that flag.' He sez, 'Don't you be a darned fool.' But I jest cropped my gun and run down hill, 'n I was right inter 'em 'fore they seemed to notice it; 'n I run right up to the big feller an' says, 'Here, you, give me that flag' 'n he jest let go, 'n I put it. I tell ye, I didn't wait to say, 'Thankee,' nor anythin'; 'n if the bullets didn't sing 'round my way fer a while! But they didn't take no sort of aim, 'n I got up to the boys all right. I tell ye, that big feller must have felt kinder silly when he thought on't."—*Springfield Republican.*

Biddy and the Law Books.

Ignorant "usefulness" or misplaced help is very provoking sometimes, because it costs and hinders. Sir Isaac Newton's dog among his "gravitation" papers, or the rats in Audubon's box of drawings, were perhaps more destructive than house-cleaning Bridget in a scholar's study; but they could hardly be less welcome.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale tells of a Judge who was preparing a law lecture, and had every chair and table in his study covered with open books, from which he was collating material. His sister, Miranda, undertook to put the apartment in order with the following result: Biddy, her chief-of-staff, eager to be of use, shut up all the books and put them on the shelves.

Miranda returned to the room in horror and cried, "We shall both be killed when he comes home."

"Niver ye fear, mum," said Biddy. "I'll make it all right."

And sure enough, when the Judge saw the room, Biddy had produced thirty law books from the shelves, had opened them hap-hazard in imitation of the position she had found them in, and he was left to go on with his lecture as best he might with the aid of his precedents of Biddy's selection.

New Foot-Warmer.

A new foot-warmer has been introduced for public comfort in cabs and other vehicles in France. A sheet-iron box is used with a sliding drawer, over which the air, which is admitted at the end, may pass before it escapes at holes in the other end. Into this drawer a brick of pure compressed carbon raised to a red heat is placed, and it continues to burn there, without giving forth any disagreeable odor, for fourteen hours.

He Turned the Tables.

There is nothing like presence of mind after all. One dark, rainy night, old Dr. Botts, who lives on Van Ness avenue, San Francisco, was trudging homeward when he discovered that he was being dogged by a burly ruffian, evidently intent on robbery. They were in a lonely part of the town, and the man was just at his heels, when the Doctor, buttoning his coat up to his chin, suddenly turned back and said to his pursuer:

"Please, sir, give me a dime to buy something to eat. I don't want to get whisky, indeed I don't; haven't had anything to eat for two days."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the footpad, repocketing his slungshot with profound disgust, "to think here I've been piping off a pauper for over a mile."

And he walked off cursing the infernal luck to blazes.

A Stray Billet-Doux.

Three ministers sat in the pulpit of East Liberty Church, on Sunday evening. A rising young artist who has a comfortable studio—if studios are very comfortable—on a street running from Water to Liberty, who is one of the workers in said church, walked bravely to the pulpit before service and gave one of the ministers a notice to read before benediction. The services were about being closed, when the young artist again went forward and reminded the minister that he must not forget the notice of the temperance meeting down town. The minister begged pardon for his remissness, took the slip of paper from his vest pocket, read it, looked dazed, rubbed his eyes, then smiled. He passed the note to a brother minister, and he smiled. Then he passed it to the other minister, and he smiled. Then all smiled. Then No. 1 remarked that he would like to speak to the young artist. The latter advanced to the pulpit, received the notice, looked at it, colored very red, and looked as though he would like to jump through the window. He had given the pastor a notice of a temperance meeting which read something like this:

DEAR JOHN: I am sorry I can't let you come to see me as frequently as usual, but papa and mamma think I should not receive even my very dear friends during the Lenten season. It's awfully disagreeable if not positively cruel, but you know we Episcopalians can't go back on Lent. I shall see you oftener than usual, I hope, when the holy season is gone where the woodbine twineth. Yours with friendship,

—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Dispatch.*

Catching Rain.

The principle of the rain gauge is that a vessel in an open space will catch as much rain as would otherwise have sunk into the ground on the space the gauge occupies. But it is a matter of some consequence as to where the gauge is placed.

It might be supposed of no importance whether it were on the top of the house or in the garden close by, and yet, strange to say, a gauge in the garden near Westminster Abbey caught twenty-three inches of rain in the course of the year, while one on the roof of a house caught only eighteen inches, and one on the Abbey caught only twelve inches.

The fact is, rain forms at a low elevation—much lower than is generally supposed, or, if not actually formed at a very low elevation, it increases the size of the drops which come from higher levels.

Thus, while Mr. Glaisher was descending in a balloon, he passed through dry and then through a wet fog, where the drops of rain were exceedingly fine, covering his note-book like pins' points. These increased in size on approaching the earth, and more rapidly when very near the earth.

In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately-coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose-water.

SMALL child (to youthful acquaintance). "Ma says I must not play with you, because my papa is an officer and you are common children." Little Brown (in a rage): "Common children, indeed! Mamma says my papa is a bankrupt and that he will always remain so."

[illegible] & [illegible] LINE,

Via New York Lake Erie and Western Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee Chicago Milwaukee and St Paul Railroads

S[illegible]

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[Monitor] Plow Works.

S I Ferguson, President — W B Jackson, Jr, Sec'y and Treas

ESTABLISHED 1860

Monitor Plow Works

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Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers Cultivators Sulky Hay Rakes Hand Corn Planters Road Scrapers &c The **FERGUSON SILKY PLOW** This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which none others have The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam

MONITOR

ESTABLISHED 1860.

THE MONITOR PLOW

Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Shin—Solid Steel

Monitor Sulky Rake,

Light Strong, Durable—Teeth Adjustable—Easy to Operate Rakes Clean Send for Descriptive List

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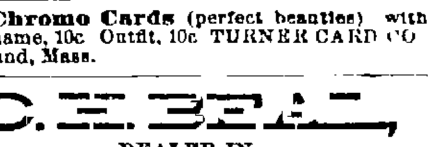

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Gentlemen — My case is briefly as follows. I have had Catarrh for ten years each year with increasing severity. For nine years I had not breathed through one nostril. I had droppings in the throat, a very bad cough, and it was so bad as to be obliged to [illegible] [illegible] before being able to [illegible] [illegible], and a constant dull pain in my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] also [illegible] Catarrhal [illegible] [illegible] of hearing, and compelled to [illegible] up several times in the night to clear it [illegible] so that before I could sleep. I used one of [illegible] [illegible] symptoms has disappeared [illegible] [illegible] not quite three bottles of SANFORD'S [illegible] [illegible] My hearing is fully restored [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] symptom [illegible] [illegible] in the throat no headache, and in [illegible] better than I have been for years. [illegible] [illegible] effects of the Cure on my appetite [illegible] in fact, every part of my system [illegible] [illegible] done in my case is wholly the effect of [illegible] [illegible]. Very respectfully,

[illegible], Oct 11. — C B LAWRENCE

Endorsed by a Prominent Druggist.

I hereby certify that Mr Lawrence purchased RADICAL CURE of me and from time to time [illegible] familiar with his case. I believe [illegible] [illegible] to be true in every particular

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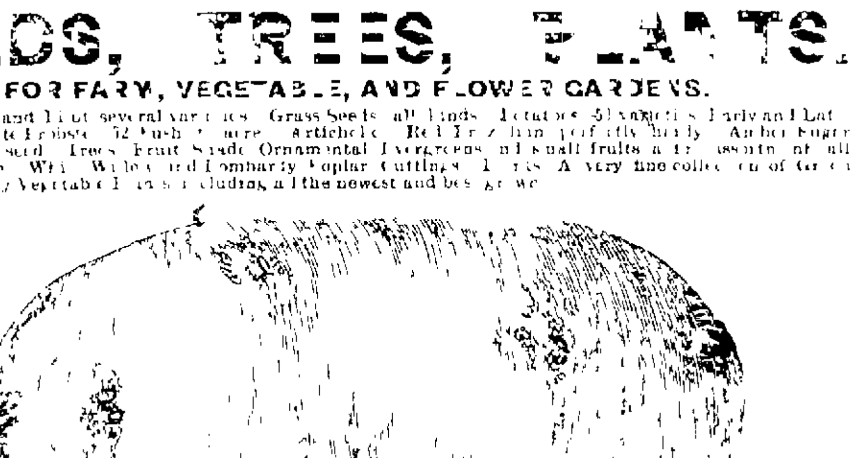

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

13—15—14!

He sat and gazed with placid mien
And a cheerful and confident smile
At the little square box with the "gem fifteen,"
And he said he'd bet his pile

That he could finger it out right thar;
So he jumbled the blocks about,
And then he remarked: "It's simple, I swar,
And I reckon I'll work it out."

So he tackled it sharp for an hour or more,
And his hands he ran through his hair,
As he jumped right up and fearfully swore,
And his eyes had a maniac's glare,

That he'd "be dashed if the dash dashed fool
That invented this game was here,
He'd smash his dash, dash, dashed skull
And chaw off an end of his ear."

But after another hot hour had flown
The bead drops down 'gan to roll,
And he raved in a way that, the people all say,
Struck terror to each watching soul.

For—thirteen—fifteen—fourteen—alas!
Were all that he got for his pains,
So he frantically swallowed of poison a glass,
And with a bullet he bored out his brains.

DAVID SWAN.

Could we indeed know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a single page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of 20, on the road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education with a classic finish of a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down and await the coming of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little clump of maples, with a delightful recess in their midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer except David Swan. Virgin or not he kissed it with his thirsty lips and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons tied up in a striped-cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him, and the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; several whose hearts were brimming full of scorn ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead-drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, merriment, praise, scorn and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linch-pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly gentleman and wife who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps," whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath. Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income, for it would argue health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth beside," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

Thus did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maples were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch so as to intercept it; and, having done this act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, earnestly. "This innocent sleep."

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yes, fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do much stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man in splendor who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant behind.

The old couple started, reddened and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever dream of doing anything so ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in his carriage and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was the merry kind of motion that caused—is there harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth—if silk it was—was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring. Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was a peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the stripes of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of the bee is sometimes deadly. As freehearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome," thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it would part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why at least did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague and passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps," murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so light as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with his daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again has good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him, and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces set off by cloth caps which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the devil sends them, and now, in the interim of their business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees.

But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow:

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book or else he has a snug little hoard of small change stowed away among his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But how if he wakes up?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger at his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head—their two faces, grim, wrinkled and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they might not know themselves as they reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"But if he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog scenting along the ground came beneath the maple trees and gazed alternately at each of those wicked men and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now! The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust the weapon into his pocket and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of the kind that kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed up to the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity.

As for David Swan, he slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer quietly, as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now talked in an inward tone to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came louder and louder along the road until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber; and there was the stage-coach. He started up with all his ideas about him.

"Hallo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!"

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitudes. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep.

Sleeping or waking we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

The Pause in Reading.

During the last ten years there has been a marked increase in the number of professional readers. The fact might suggest to an unobserving person that we are a nation of good readers, from whom the best have been called to delight the public ear. But the suggestion is not supported by the facts. In spite of schools of elocution and of common schools, too, it is difficult to find in private life a person who can read so as to please and instruct a family group. Perhaps the following dialogues, translated from the French, may point out one cause of bad reading:

A young man presented himself, one day, in the office of Mr. Samson, saying that he wished to take lessons in elocution, and the following conversation ensued:

"You wish to take lessons in reading?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you practised reading aloud?"

"Yes, sir; I have read many of the scenes in Shakespeare."

"Before people?"

"Yes."

"Successfully?"

"Yes."

"Well, take this book and read the fable of the 'Oak and the Reed.'"

The pupil began: "An oak one day, said to a reed—"

"That will do. You do not know how to read."

"I suppose not, as I came here to take lessons. But how you can judge from one line—"

"Well, begin again."

The young man read as before: "An oak one day, said to a reed."

"I saw it before. You cannot read."

"But—"

"But, yes. Does an adverb belong to a verb, or to a substantive? 'One day' is here adverbial, and should be joined to 'said.' You should read: 'An oak (comma) one day said to a reed.'"

"That is true!" exclaimed the young man, somewhat taken by surprise.

"One of the most important points in reading is punctuation."

"How! punctuation in reading, how can that be?"

"By the pause. The pause is to the ear what the punctuation marks are to the eye. They do not, however, always coincide. The pause is also sometimes lighter than such as would be indicated by a comma, but by it a sentence is so arranged that the words which belong to each other are brought together, and those which do not belong to each other are separated.

"One of the first elements of good reading, therefore, is attention to the pause. When due attention is not given to this, the emphasis is liable to be misplaced and the sense obscured."

The Sign Manual.

The practice of signing as a mode of giving formal assent to written contracts or charters is probably as old as, and in one sense we may say older than, the art of handwriting. Among all peoples the art of authenticating a document was accomplished by the most illiterate persons, either by affixing a stamp with the signet ring they carried, or by imitating the process of signing by some other and ruder device. Conspicuous among these more rustic maneuvers was that which Gibbon mentions as adopted by Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth King of Italy. He had a gold plate made, in which the first few letters of his name were cut in the Greek character; and when a paper had to be signed by him the plate was laid upon it, and his Majesty, passing the pen along the paper in the interstices of the metal, traced by these means the royal signature, which he could never remember in any other way.

A still more barbarous and ungainly device was invented, or at least practiced, by the Turkish Sultans of Iconium, when that town was their capital. They simply dipped their hand in the bowl of ink presented to them, and, laying it flat upon the paper or papyrus, left the indelible impress of it in a gigantic and most conspicuous shape. A somewhat similar habit is reported from India, where landowners in the Mahratta country are, or were until lately, accustomed to dip their thumb in the sandal dye, and by pressing it on the paper leave their sign manual, or, as in this case, it should perhaps be called, their sign digital. This was in the case of Rajahs or Zemindars, who could not write their own name; but it is said that in another part of India a Brahmin who was highly educated resorted to a practice very like that of the Iconian Sultans whenever it was his intention to make a generous and comprehensive grant, the character of which he thought would be well typified by the mark of the open hand.

The origin of the "mark" with which illiterates now sign is enveloped in some doubt; but it would be quite wrong to suppose that the cross they now use was employed in very early times. On the contrary, it is said that for many centuries after the Dark Ages those who could not afford to wear a ring or keep a signet used to make some special and peculiar mark, such as an arrow-head, in which it was supposed, and perhaps rightly, that their autograph could be recognized.—*London Globe.*

If your gold-fish die, it is attributable, as a rule, to one of three causes—handling, starvation or bad water.

AH, BUT SHE LOVED ANOTHER.

Last night, within the little curtained room,
Where the gay music sounded faintly clear,
And silver lights came stealing through the gloom,
You told the tale that women love to hear;
You told it well with firm hands clasped in mine,
And deep eyes glowing with a tender light.
Mere acting! But your power was half divine
Last night, last night.

Ay, you had much to offer; wealth enough
To gild the future, and a path of ease
For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough
New friends—a life as calm as summer seas.
And something (was it love?) to keep us true,
And make us precious in each other's sight.
Ah! then, indeed, my heart's resolve I knew
Last night, last night.

Let the world go, with all its dross and pelf!
Only for one, like Portia, could I say,
"I would be trebled twenty times myself;"
Only for one, and he is far away;
His voice came back to me distinct and dear,
And thrilled me with the pain of lost delight;
The present faded, but the past was clear
Last night, last night.

If others answered as I answered then,
We should hear less, perchance, of blighted lives;
There would be truer women, nobler men,
And fewer dreary homes and faithless wives;
Because I could not give you all my best,
I gave you nothing. Judge me—was I right?
You may thank heaven that I stood the test
Last night, last night.

The Story of a Great Paris Mystery.

The Parisians, says a Paris correspondent, are determined to have a mystery now and then. They have been fond of something of the kind ever since the time of the Tour de Nesle. Only the other day they were horrified with blood-curdling descriptions of a house in an obscure suburb, which had been rented by a stranger, forbidding in appearance, and evidently bent upon the consummation of some hideous crime, judging from the preparations which he had made. Rumors ran in the neighborhood that he was darkly engaged in plotting against the life of some one—for he had brought to the house a huge case made of solid wood, lined with heavy cloth and pierced with air-holes. It seemed just the sort of a thing in which to imprison some helpless creature whom he was desirous of torturing. The woman of whom he had hired the house spied his movements in a most indiscreet manner, and when one day she saw him bring in half a dozen chains, such as are ordinarily used for dogs she could not restrain herself any longer, so she went off to the neighbors with a terribly-magnified version of the whole matter, and the result was that the police were called in.

Meantime the mysterious stranger appeared to have gained some knowledge of the movement against him, for he disappeared, and was heard of no more—at that period.

The police agents came out from Paris and spent a day or two in the house. There stood the wooden case, gaping wide open, with its cushioned sides and the staples driven into them, seeming to indicate that a human being was to be chained in there alive. The agents began to think that some attempt at blackmail was to be made by a band of clever criminals. Every endeavor was made to catch the supposed culprit, and the concierges, shoemakers and water-carriers of the capital, with bated breath, nightly discussed the mystery, until one fine morning the Prefect of Police received a letter from a wealthy gentlemen who lives but a little way from Paris, explaining the whole matter. It appears that some weeks ago this gentleman was bitten by one of his dogs in such a manner as to awaken suspicions in his mind that the dog was mad. He cauterized the wound, but the thought that he was a possible victim of hydrophobia so preyed upon his mind that he determined to separate himself from his family for a time, and to experiment upon certain animals, by inoculating them with his own blood, in order to ascertain if the rage were really lurking in his system. With this intention he hired the house in the suburbs and prepared a case in which he proposed to shut up three of his dogs, and to study their symptoms until he felt sure either that he was free from danger, or that there was a crisis to fear. Just as he was about to bring the dogs to the cottage and to inoculate them there, he found that the meddlesome neighbors were likely to get him into temporary trouble, so he gave up his design. He inclosed to the Prefect the false beard and spectacles with which he had been disguised when he rented the cottage. The Prefect smiled the peculiar smile which men do when compelled to admit that they are sold, and the great mystery was at an end.

That Million of Postage Stamps.

I really have solid reasons for believing that there have been cranky people who have made the acquisition of 1,000,000 of postage stamps a condition for the accomplishment of some vital matter. A legacy may depend upon it. A marriage may depend upon it. Some old imbecile may have insisted on having the wall of his bedroom pasted with 1,000,000 of postage stamps. It is not perhaps so difficult as might be thought to bring together 1,000,000 of used-up stamps. It might, under certain circumstances, even be worth while to buy a few thousand stamps to get them stamped. If you have the waste paper of very busy offices, you will be greatly helped in the accumulation. Most people who begin such an accumulation break down after a time. A lady told me the other day that she was saving up her postage stamps toward 1,000,000, and I calculated that it would take her 25 years at the present rate to complete her task. If you can't complete your own collection, you may make yourself helpful in the matter of helping to complete collections of luckier people. A million of postage stamps is a possession decidedly worth the having. It would have its value in the universal market.—*London Society.*

Involuntary Laughter.

Some time ago, the spectators at a murder trial were horrified to see the prisoner receive his sentence of death with laughter. It may have been that the laughter was involuntary, and the hysterical expression of deep emotion. Perhaps the following anecdote may throw light on the singular spectacle:

The students of a theological school in England were once assembled to pray for the wife of the President of the institution, who was dangerously ill. A servant, entering the room, announced suddenly that the lady was dead. The effect of this intelligence, so abruptly conveyed, was that all the students with one accord burst into a laugh. They were ashamed of their apparent want of feeling afterward, but at the time they could not possibly have helped this hysterical effusion.

The Thunderer.

The London *Times* building is really a massive pile of solid brick of fair architectural effect, which in New York or Philadelphia might be one of the features of the city. In London it is simply lost—crowded away among square miles of similar structures densely packed and pressed together.

Solidly established for years, founded on the strong basis of the university and the governing classes of England, conducted by men every one of whom is an expert and veteran in the business, the *Times* enjoys an income that now comes in of itself, and, stretching out like some of our great railway companies, it now employs a portion of its surplus revenues every year in outpressing itself, by extending its works out to the permanent manufacture of its own supplies. These things are permanent investments, not expenses, and, although costly in the start, in the long course of years save money.

Let me enumerate some of the most important as illustrative of the scope of the plant. The *Times*—

First—Manufactures its own presses.

Second—Founds its own type.

Third—Provides its own light—electric.

Fourth—Feeds its employes on the spot.

Fifth—Has its own electrotyping shop.

Sixth—Has its own telegraphic service and wires—in the main; and

Seventh—Repair-shops for all these different machineries.

All these great shops and offices are under one roof, and the cluster of them, with the other ordinary departments of a newspaper office—editorial, composing, proof, stereotyping, making-up, press, business, advertising and distribution-rooms—form the *Times* building.

The Walter presses are made here for the market, as well as for the proprietor's own paper, and in these shops I found the workmen in the busy clatter of turning out great machines as in any great factory or foundry.

In the press-room of the paper stand eight; six go every night, and two stand as a reserve brigade. Each press prints at the rate of 12,000 per hour.

One-half of the *Times* every night is set by machinery. One machine does the work of six to eight skilled compositors. It cannot correct, however, and here is its weak point, or the whole paper would be set with it. As it is, the work is about divided. Doubtful copy and all revisions are done by hand—the steady, regular work by machinery.

A young man sits before what looks like a piano-board, with four or five banks of keys all lettered. He plays on these keys with the forefingers of each hand rapidly, and the type are as rapidly shifted into a kind of minute slide galley the exact width of the body of a type. There is no system of fingering, as with piano music, only the paws fly like lightning.

The distributing machine just reverses the powers of the setting instrument, and in the last stage each letter of the alphabet is rapidly shunted off on to its separate side-track, where they stand like long trains of freight cars in the yard of a colossal depot. It is a wonderful machine, but there are others I think, now surely approaching perfection, of much more interest and importance to newspaper property.

The entire building is lighted by sixteen electric lights, each light of from 800 to 1,000-candle power—far more than is needed.

How They Vote in Appenzell.

Near to Sargans the Rhine becomes the dividing line between the Austrian Tyrol and East Switzerland. The Swiss canton of Appenzell—"the little land of Appenzell"—with its pastoral people and its queer customs, runs in here to get a peep at the passing river. These Appenzellers are a very democratic people, even for democratic Switzerland. It is not only that every man has a voice in the law-making that it is democratic, but it is also in the primitive way in which that will is expressed. There was a time when peoples chose their Kings by meeting en masse on a field and giving the tallest man the crown. Something very similar is practiced even now in little Appenzell. Every May-day the whole voting population of the canton meet, and, armed with swords and umbrellas, and led by a band of music, march out to a meadow, where the affairs of state and the election of officers are settled in short time by the sovereign people. The women of Appenzell occasionally join in this procession, and the grave-looking officials, rigged in the uniform of state, gallantly give to the ladies the best standing-room on the green. A little platform for the town grandees is elevated, around which the procession halts and listens to a prayer. Then follow the affairs of state, decided simply by a show of hands. Taxes are voted, fines laid and officers chosen for the next year. In a few hours Appenzell's outdoor Parliament is finished, and the people go to their homes and lay their swords and flags away to rest for another year. This has been Appenzell's Parliament for 500 years.—*Harper's Magazine.*

England's New Island.

The Island of Rotumah, which has been provisionally annexed to the British empire, by Sir Arthur Gordon, at the request of a deputation of the chiefs of two hostile factions who inhabit it, lies a little to the north and east of the Fiji archipelago, and was discovered by Capt. Edwards during his search for the mutineers of the Bounty, in 187[illegible]. Although the island is small, its population is comparatively numerous, the shore being covered with villages, which touch and join into one another. The soil is very fertile, and the small vessels which trade among the islands of this section of the South Pacific ocean frequently call at Rotumah for supplies of vegetables and other provisions. The inhabitants are noted as good sailors, and large numbers of the young men adopt, at all events, temporarily, a seafaring life. This they do, it is stated, partly to escape from the harsh rule of the missionaries who long ago established themselves upon the island, and apparently have succeeded here, as on many other of the Pacific islands in acquiring an immense power.

How a Married Woman Goes to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled, "How Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking of what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you'd better go down and lock it, for I heard some person in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to get into bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the bedroom."

"Let her come up, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife; "she'd suck the baby's breath!"

Then James paddles down stairs again and steps on a tack, and closes the stair door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch, his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring some in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down in the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then he jerks the stair door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes upstairs and plunges into bed. Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you've got to pay, and I don't care," shouts James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; "all I want is to go to sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there's Araminta, who I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James, sticking his legs out as straight as two ramrods.

"It seems to me you have no sense nor feeling," whines his wife, "and if you had any respect for me you wouldn't eat onions before you come to bed. The atmosphere of the room, from the smell of onions, is horrid."

"Well, go down and sleep in the kitchen, then, and let me alone," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she punches him in the ribs with her elbow, and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"What Jones?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquires James.

"I declare," says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 2—. Well, day before yesterday, Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps herself up in them, and lays awake until 2 a. m. thinking how badly abused she is. And that is the way a married woman goes to sleep.

Taking Colds.

While it is well known that most of our acute diseases result from colds—or closed pores—it is important to so care for ourselves as to avoid them. It is not too much to say that many, if not most of our colds, are contracted in consequence of undue efforts to avoid them, or from false ideas in reference to the proper means to be employed. A larger per cent. of these are contracted from exposure to heat than from cold, as the more remote cause, since these result from a loss of the poise of the system, or from a disturbance of the usual circulation of the fluids. An unusually warm room—we endure a higher temperature in our sitting-rooms in the winter than would be tolerated in the heated term—so debilitates the whole system that it is unable to resist the effects of unusual coldness, unable to rally when exposed, while the skin is so relaxed and weakened that, when the pores are closed by a sudden chill, they remain so, from the absence of an ability to react. Indeed, those exposed to the extremes of our climate, who are most in the open air, really have the fewest colds. Profuse perspiration is not as much the cause of the colds as the attending debility, when it is caused by violent or weakening effort or toil.

Exactness.

There is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for traveling expenses put down the item, "Porter, 6d.," an item struck out by the War Office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him he must have taken a cab, which would have cost 18d. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "porterage" instead of "porter." He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "porterage," but for the future would do so, and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."—*Chambers' Journal.*

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LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co, druggists, No 92 Main street

Mike McLear, ex City Marshal, has opened a saloon

Gilt Edge has a large quantity of fish poles for the boys

The board of equalization finished their labors last Monday

... Bu... gave another street sermon on Main street Sunday

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is an unfailing remedy for bilious malarial fevers

The Dakota Tree Planting Company ... the new office sign ...

... little son of Mr ... A. Baker, three and a half years old, is dangerously ill ... brain fever

... have been ... to the ... generally ... Main street

... have been out to ... this season ... of ... town

... ... the business community ...

... buildings going up in ... the ... prospects ... to ...

... Whitney and Mayor ... new sidewalks in front of ... places of business this week

... has torn down the building on the ... corner ... Meigs and ... streets and will put up a new building ...

... number of passengers for ... crowd the boats going up the ... any previous season

... the Sheridan, ... the ... important part of ... at the hotel

... received through the ... the river ... of the water at all posts ... below Bismarck

The corner of Third and Meigs streets ... by Mrs ... is being ... will be occupied ... by Mr ...

... jeweler, ... to ... him ... 1879 ... while ... of city

... citizens ... know when the troops ... Lincoln by the unusual number ... two months ...

Passengers on the west bound trains ... the advanced stage of the ... this side ... Red River ...

... Bennett of the Bennett ... has ... to Rochester, Minn., his former ... a herd of cattle ... about thirty five miles ... river

... Humbert & Co's ox train came in from Jamestown ... for the ... Missouri, where ... extension

... the saloon corner ... and ... will be occupied ... the coming week ... brother of ... who will carry ... line of groceries and provisions

... well known among the boys ... was arrested in connection with ... at Moorhead, ... a few days for ...

... experimented with ... on the square ... Sheridan house ... and ... the ...

... does not arrive fast enough for ... & Co ... orders ... since the ... of the town ... in course of construction this spring

A ... came in this week with 75 ... skins of wolves, fox and beaver, the ... campaign in the ... and ... the ... was ...

... is being renovating and ... the Opera House ... A new ... is one of the ... features of the improvement

... fever of improvement is spreading ... Many of the Main ... merchants are putting down new walks ... their buildings ... and ... their places of business

... the clothier ... rooms ... when ... store of ... between Fourth and Fifth street ... will move both his grocery and clothing house into this one establishment

The city council have not met for the past two weeks. The ... who are business men are so busy that a quorum is hard to get at any one time. The city is taking good care of itself ...

We have a ... in the city ... to the attractions of ... the boys ... the best ... that has yet put in an appearance

... the ... tailor ... the ... Sheridan house, in ... occupied by ... complete stock ... goods ... turn out ... suits in the latest style

Benny ... is now ... fixed for the summer campaign at his ... on ... Fourth street ... says he has the best ... between ... and the Rocky Mountains ... the proof of the ...

... and Westhauser have ... new ... to their attractive restaurant with a complete new outfit ... making it one of the pleasantest places in the city to "while away" an hour to the music of the orchestra

Vacant Places

In the dental ranks will never occur if you are particular with your teeth and cleanse them every day with that famous tooth wash SOZODONT. From youth to old age it will keep the enamel spotless and unimpaired. The teeth of persons who use SOZODONT have a pearl like whiteness and the gums a roseate hue, while the breath is purified and rendered sweet and fragrant. It is composed of rare antiseptic herbs and is entirely free from the objectionable and injurious ingredients of Tooth Pastes, &c.

Something New.

M. Eppinger has an immense stock of clothing just opened. Every conceivable style of garments for men's wear are on his shelves and can be had at bottom prices.

RIVER RIFFLES.

The Key West was met by the "Rose Bud" on the ... at Coulee and ...

The "Butte" passed Grinnell's wood yard at 8 P. M. yesterday, with the Terry in tow.

... for the Yellowstone the 12th with government stores for Keogh and Custer

The Peninah left Yankton Sunday, 9th, and is expected to leave for Yellowstone Thursday, 20th

Capt. Todd reports the river rising slowly above, and dispatches from above also state this fact

The Big Horn will arrive here on Monday next, and will leave on Tuesday, the 18th, for Yellowstone

The Benton left ... with ... from below for Fort Benton. She took on 20 passengers at this point

The Far West arrived at Benton on the ... and left Benton to day for this place. She will leave Benton again on the 20th

Steamer ..., Benton line, on her way down from Benton will turn back from this point, leaving Bismarck Saturday 22d

The river has risen twelve inches at Benton during the week with ... rise at Stevenson and Buford. Yellowstone stationary to rising

The steamer Gen Tompkins is advertised for sale in ... for $12,000 ... states it would cost $7,000 to duplicate her engines

The Nellie Peck arrived Tuesday, having left St Louis May 10th, ... being thirty one days out to Bismarck and left the same day for Benton with a full load of freight and passengers

... Benton the steamer "Butte" passed Buford on her down trip at 5 P. M., the 12th inst. She will tow the disabled steamer "Gen Terry" to this point. Will leave for Sioux City Sunday morning

Capt Bishop, General Agent of the Peck line arrived last evening, but left for the east again this morning with the ... broken crank and eight inches of the shaft ... of the wheel ... Very little damage was done to the engines of the Terry, and they can be repaired in St Paul

The Gen Terry of the Peck line which left here last week ... with United States military stores destined for Fort Custer when about a hundred miles below Buford met with a serious accident breaking her main shaft and bursting ... cylinders. She will be brought to this city for repairs

... two ... "roosters" of the Nellie Peck that worked their way up from St Louis having come aboard when she had a full crew, endeavored upon reaching Bismarck which is a port of entry, to ... the boat and ... for wages ... proposition, however ... in the estimation of ...

The New Orleans *Times* of the 2d ... of a mammoth tow by steamboat ... Mountain, of St Louis, with five barges for that city ... cargo was 300,000 bushels of grain in bulk. One of the barges, the Great Republic, carried 100,000 bushels ... the *Times* predicted several years ago that the time would come when grain would be delivered free on board ... at a cost not exceeding ... 5 cents per bushel. When that happens the bulk of the grain of the northwest will pass through that port for European markets

The Rose Bud, of the Coulson line, the first boat to arrive at Benton this season, reached Bismarck last night on her return trip with a full load of ... and passengers. On her trip at the landing, Capt ... was presented with a fine bronzed Durham Bull ... decorated with the Blue Ribbon. On the tail of this figure flies a white streamer with the inscription "Butte." The Rose Bud will depart for Benton on arrival of Saturday's train from the east

200 bushels Ree Corn for Seed at THURSTON & Co's.

A Fine Thing for the Teeth.

Fragrant SOZODONT is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth and gums. Its embalming or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance make it a toilet luxury. SOZODONT removes all disagreeable odors from the breath caused by catarrh, bad teeth, &c. It is entirely free from the injurious and acid ... found in ... tooth pastes and powders, which destroy the enamel. One bottle will last six months

Oranges, Lemons, Green Apples at THURSTON & Co's

A Full Line of Groceries and provisions ... at THURSTON & Co's

Choice Seed Barley just received at WHALEN'S ... Main Street

Try the celebrated To'u Pock and Rope, at THURSTON & Co's

A Full Line Paints, Oils and brushes at DUNN'S

Belle of Bourbon Whiskey at THURSTON & Co's

Blank Books at DUNN'S

Face Buntings. ... the first and Dan Eisenberg has a full assortment ... Linen Lawns.

A Large and Complete Stock Of ... at DUNN'S

Misses' and Children's Shoes. ... at MARSHALL'S

Straw Goods At Dan Eisenberg's all the latest novelties in Ladies and Children's

Dan Eisenberg Has just received an elegant assortment of Ladies and Misses Shoes

Rubber Boots Of all sizes for men at MARSHALL'S

The Only Place,

If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak remember Forster's restaurant

Forster's, Forster's, Forster's is the place to go for your day board

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic gives tone to the stomach and digestive organs

CORN FOR SEED.

J W Millett raised near Bismarck last year 105 bushels of corn from one acre of land. It is a twelve row variety—flint of course—called Crampton's Early. It matured last year in about seventy days from planting. The ears are about ten to twelve inches long and are as well filled as any ever grown in Iowa or farther south. Mr Millett can supply seed in any quantity. The corn can be seen at Champion Hall.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

FORT BENTON & MONTANA
FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.
BENTON LINE.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line

Comprising the following ten first class Steamers.

Benton, Helena, Butte, Gen. Terry, F. Y. Batchelor, C. K. Peck, Nellie Peck, Peninah, Gen. Meade, Fontenelle.

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River

One of the ***Peck Line*** steamers leave Sioux City tri weekly for ***Fort Pierre***, landing for Black Hills connecting there with ... overland freight trains and daily stages for *Deadwood* and all points in the *Black Hills*

One of the ***Benton Line*** Steamers leave Sioux City every *Saturday* for ***Ft. Benton*** head waters of Missouri, connecting with ... overland freight trains and *Benton* and *Helena* Daily Stage ... for ... all interior points in *Montana*. The ***Yellowstone Line*** will have a boat leave ***Bismarck*** every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on *Yellowstone River*.

Steamer "PENINAH,"

T. D. MARYNI R, Master

Leaves Thursday, 20th Inst.,

For All Points on the YELLOWSTONE.

Steamer "HELENA,"

JOY FICTO, Master,

Leaves Saturday, 22d Inst.,

For FORT BENTON.

For freight or passage apply to

J. C. BARR, Gen. Agt., Sheridan House, BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

YELLOWSTONE LINE
YELLOWSTONE LINE
OF STEAMERS.

JOSEPH LEIGHTON, Manager. (St. Paul Minn.)

For Buford, Miles City, Fort Keogh, Sherman, Terry's Landing, Huntley, Junction City, Fort Custer, and Big Horn River.

Will run regularly during season

For Freight or Passage apply on board Or J. C. BARR Sheridan House

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACNIDER & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers,

Tribune Block, 4_ Main St

Keep a Complete Assortment of

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty. 20tf

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T

TONIC

IS A—

THOROUGH REMEDY

For disorder of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, ... and disturbances of the animal ... which debilitate ... It should ... be ... with the ... compound of ... and essential oils of ... under this name of Bitters

FOR SALE BY

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

JEWELERS

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Day & Plants,

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

ANY one desiring some good rich top soil can have the same by hauling it away. G. B. FAIRCHILD.

WANTED. Lovers of fine wines and liquors ... good ... or a ... meal to call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant Mandan D T tf

WANTED. A few Bismarck City Directories left at 50 cents and $1.00 per copy at THE TRIBUNE office

For Sale.

FOR SALE. ... bushels potatoes. Apply at the Post Trader's store Fort Lincoln 1tf

FOR SALE. The saloon building on Fourth street formerly occupied by Chris Gilson ... building will also be rented. Apply to 20tf McLEAN & MACNIDER

FOR SALE. ... in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign 30tf

FOR SALE. Hay and oats. Hay in stock or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttle one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road

FOR SALE. A few more Bismarck Directories. Useful references for business men

FOR SALE or RENT. The ... farm one ... mile and a half south of Bismarck containing 160 acres. Also farm machinery. Apply to WM HARMON 1tf Fort Lincoln D. T

OCULISTS and Bismarck people generally ... who have been ... of milk should ... Ware who will ... up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population

Miscellaneous.

JEWELL'S DIRECTORY has the name and place of residence of every person in the city. For Sale at THE TRIBUNE office ... dollar

DON'T forget Forster's when you are in town

DO you want to find a man in this city? If so buy one of Jewell's Directories which will tell you where he lives

LADIES ... shoes a specialty. Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S 76 Main Street

FIRST class day board at Forster's only $5 per week

... COPIES LEFT. Purchase one before they are all sold. Early history of Bismarck together with a complete directory giving name and place of business and residence of every person in Bismarck. M H JEWELL Tribune Bismarck D T

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants ... Main street

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co Augusta Maine

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co Portland Maine

SEND TO ... & Co, Portland Me ... best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H HALLETT & Co Portland Maine

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots ... at MARSHALL'S

DO you want to save money ... Then go to ...

DO YOU WANT ... the full name of ... ... Jewell's Directory ... Price ... $1.00. Only 100 copies left

DRY WOOD. Steamboat ... will find ... wood at Our Point 35 miles above Bismarck C. F. Murray

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN. Terms satisfactory to all ... M P SLATTERY 4tf ... Street Bismarck D T

AUSTIN LOGAN,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and

BAKERY.

Third Street Bismarck, D T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices 15tf

WM. GLITSCHKA,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Glass Ware

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office 4

DRUGS AND NOTIONS.

Orders from Military Posts promptly Attended to.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
Wholesale Druggist

DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

Pure White Lead, Paints, Oils and Varnishes. BISMARCK, D. T.

A Full Line of all Standard Patent Medicines.

DUNN & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,

NO. 92 MAIN STREET.

DRY GOODS.

1880. 1880.

DAN. EISENBERG

HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS

SPRING STOCK.

You can find a full line of Buntings, Linen Lawns, Renfrew Suitings, Satin Striped Silks, Velvet Striped Satin, ... Silks ... and everything in the line of Dry Goods. Also a ... line of

Ladies' and Misses Shoes,

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Etc.

All Orders from up and down River will receive Prompt Attention.

Main Street, Raymond's Brick Block. Bismarck, Dakota

GROCERS

W. H. THURSTON & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS

(76 MAIN STREET, BISMARCK)

Steamboat and Freighters Supplies a Specialty.

FURNITURE

J. C. CADY

Furniture, Metallic and Wood Caskets, Picture Frames, Brackets, Etc., Trunks and Grip-Sacks.

DOLL CRADLES AND BABY CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY.

No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST, - - BISMARCK, D. T.

CARRIAGE WORKS.

Bismarck Carriage Works.

... to inform the Public that ... have opened a

FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE SHOP,

... Where ... prepared to do all kinds of ... and ... Work

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